

FEBRUARY 22, 1988

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COVER: America's senior citizens are 66 staging history's biggest retirement party

Healthy, wealthy and more powerful than ever before, America's senior citizens are hard at work—and play. But politicians, social scientists and increasing numbers of young people are beginning to wonder: Who will pay for the country's aging process? ▶ Focusing on health, gerontologists say aging does not have to bring sickness, senility or sexlessness. See LIVING.



NATION: As the primaries begin, the 16 candidates prepare for a long, hot winter

After thrashing George Bush in Iowa, Bob Dole suddenly has the aura of a champion. ▶ Two natural adversaries, Michael Dukakis and Richard Gephardt, are in a fight for the soul of the

Democratic Party. ▶ Pat Robertson leads a moral revolt that other politicians ignore at their peril, says Essayist Garry Wills.

▶ Two killings in Los Angeles raise issues of race and class bias.



WORLD: Moscow's latest concessions 36 send Afghan peace hopes soaring

Agreeing to a ten-month timetable for withdrawal of his troops, Gorbachev says the next round of Geneva talks may be the last. The tanks could begin clanking homeward by May 15. ▶ In Austria, Waldheim resists new pressure to step down. ▶ A former top aide to Panamanian Strongman Noriega tells of corruption on a grand scale. ▶ Growing militance among West Bank settlers.



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How Merck became the "most admired company." ▶ Japan overcomes the strong yen. ▶ A better way to save for retirement.

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The President's long-awaited space policy gives private companies their strongest role yet at the expense of once proud NASA.

55 Law

A federal court stuns the military by voiding a ban on gays. ▶ With help from teens, Arizona catches a constitutional goof.

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The Games begin, and in the pageant's glow even the most professional of athletes becomes an ebullient amateur again.

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CNN Anchor Bernard Shaw joins TV's most elite fraternity. ▶ An aspirin study gives the *New England Journal of Medicine* a headache.

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The laser videodisc, revived by the popularity of its audio cousin the CD, is bringing movie-house clarity and impact to home viewing.

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Louis Malle's *Au Revoir les Enfants* leads a children's crusade of European films. ▶ A yuppie faces fatherhood in *She's Having a Baby*.

96 Essay

When Congressmen are lining up to denounce you, that's when you need the First Amendment most. A case in point: the P.I.O.

Cover:
Photograph by
Gordon Munro

A Letter from the Publisher

Beginning this week, Michael Kinsley, editor of the *New Republic* and author of that magazine's provocative "TRB" column, joins *TIME* as a regular contributor. If you are like most of his loyal readers, you'll love him. You'll also hate him from time to time. After all, Kinsley has a reputation for infuriating conservatives and liberals alike, except when he is busy delighting them. Apart from writing in the *New Republic*, Kinsley has been a columnist for the *Wall Street Journal* and has written for the *Washington Monthly*, *Harper's* and *FORTUNE*. No one is safe from his bite. After dedicating his 1987 collection of writings, *Curse of the Giant Muffins* (Summit Books; \$17.95), to his parents, Kinsley added, "Any factual errors or lapses of judgment are strictly their fault."

So when we offered Kinsley a chance to write for *TIME*, he could not resist. "After a decade of writing for a magazine with a circulation of 100,000," he says, "a magazine of close to 5 million looks pretty tempting." The pieces he will pen for *TIME* each year will appear in the Essay section, though Kinsley does not describe himself as an essayist. Once, while criticizing Financial Expert Felix Rohatyn, Kinsley wrote that one "laughably easy" way to earn a reputation as a philosopher is to "refer



With malice toward some: Kinsley in Washington

to your own writings as 'essays,' not articles." Says Kinsley: "I write articles. If people want to call them essays, I'm extremely flattered."

A Rhodes scholar and a graduate of Harvard Law School, Kinsley, 36, began writing for the *New Republic* at the age of 25. Three years later he became the magazine's editor. This week in *TIME*, Kinsley takes on the State Department and its recent decision to shut down the U.S. offices of the Palestine Liberation Organization. He won't tell us his plans for future *TIME* Essays ... oops! articles, but we are braced for angry letters from just about anybody. We know what it is like to be on the receiving end of his wit. In a "TRB" column three years ago, Kinsley divided the number of words in *TIME* by the number of word journalists on our masthead. "That works out to slightly over 100 words a week per journalist," he wrote, explaining that the staff generates and then digests vast amounts of reporting, most of which never sees print. He then added a barbed compliment: "It is a system of literary creation like nothing else on earth, except *Newsweek*. "Welcome to our masthead, Mr. Kinsley.

Robert L. Miller

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Letters

Clark at Bat

To the Editors:

Your cover story about Principal Joe Clark [EDUCATION, Feb. 1] notes that tossing troublemakers out of school just displaces the problem to another location. True. But removing one disruptive student from a classroom helps perhaps 30 other students proceed with less disturbance and fewer wasted minutes.

Al Brogdon
Damascus, Md.



Discipline begins at home. When parents are not willing to carry out their responsibility, the only alternative is to place the burden on the shoulders of our educators. If parents condone the lawlessness of their offspring, then how well can they sleep at night knowing with whom they share a home?

James F. Albertson
Norman, Okla.

I have taught in public schools for 30 years, and I predict that Clark will be crucified by the people who do not know the feeling of being in a classroom with 35 high school students who cannot read, half of whom want to learn and the other half trying to make damn sure that no learning takes place in that room.

Jo Maxwell Whitley
Swansboro, N.C.

It is not Clark's responsibility to provide programs for those he cashiers from his school. His job is to make sure there is an environment that is enhanced and staffed so his pupils can learn. By failing to give alternatives for the education of those students who cannot live within the public school provisos, it is Clark's board of education that is failing down on the job.

Pauline R. Langsley
Evanston, Ill.

We are being told that bats and bullhorns must replace books and bells. I recently retired from the New York City school system after working for nine dif-

ferent principals as a teacher, supervisor and coordinator over a period of 34 years. Most of the service was in inner-city schools. I found that the principals who were the most effective were those who spoke softly and bore themselves with dignity toward students, staff and parents.

Albert Kaminsky
New York City

Daily teaching involves a massive expenditure of energy. There is only so much available in even the best of teachers. Many administrators, in innumerable ways, drain as much stamina as a class of students. How much effort do Clark's teachers expend in keeping him happy, quiet and off their backs? Some administrators put the teacher at the top of the heap, doing all within their power to ensure the focusing of the teacher's energies on the business at hand: teaching.

Leonard S. Irwin
Lindenwald, N.J.

Transplant Tussle

As your article suggests [ETHICS, Feb. 1], we are already poised to create human life just for spare parts. One of the most disgusting traits of mankind is its willingness to put aside right vs. wrong in favor of self-interest. This characteristic is nowhere more prevalent than in the concept of utilizing aborted humans as donor tissue for transplantation. While the use of this discarded human life may seem worthwhile, the potential for abuse is horrifying. Mankind does not possess the moral character to control humanely such use of life.

Paul D. Walker
Passaic, N.J.

Recycled Pacemaker

Your story on pacemakers mentions that as many as 30,000 may be buried with the patients each year [MEDICINE, Feb. 1]. At my request, my father's pacemaker was removed from his body when he died. I donated it to the cardiology department of the Animal Medical Center in New York City. After sterilization, the devices are reused in animals.

Marlene Truesdell
New York City

Where's the War?

In your article "Agony on the African Coast" [WORLD, Feb. 1], you refer to the "civil war" in Mozambique. There is no civil war in that country. The civil war is in South Africa, which is supporting bandits who destabilize Mozambique, Lesotho and Botswana through terror. This disorder prevents these neighboring countries from being able to assist the rebels in the real civil war that has long been brewing in South Africa.

(The Rev.) L. Dale Richeson
Maywood, Ill.

You state that Senator Jesse Helms has "called loudly" for aid to the Renamo rebels in Mozambique. Is he unaware that these rebels are among the most ruthless and brutal in the world? Doesn't he know that they murder, maim and torture innocent women and children? If not, then he is unforgivably ignorant. If he is aware and still calls for U.S. Government aid to the rebels, then he demonstrates a glaring lack of morals or conscience.

Jim Herpolzheimer
San Diego

Women Competing with Women

Your story about women vying with one another for positions in the corporate world [SEXES, Feb. 1] suggests that competition for professional advancement conflicts with feminist ideals of cooperation. You sidestep the reality that women are all too often forced to compete with one another for the limited openings available, because male managers act to protect men from having to compete on their own merits with women for a wider range of opportunities. Your implication is that only men can handle the assertiveness and rivalry that are a "natural occurrence" in the workplace.

Twiss Butler
Alexandria, Va.

Mexican Justice

Your article "Flames of Anger" [WORLD, Jan. 18], which refers to the unfortunate and regrettable abduction and murder of Enrique Camarena Salazar, the Mexican-born agent of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, is a biased and unfair report, since it states that many of the culprits of this crime have not been touched by Mexican law. It concludes that justice has not been done in Mexico for the past three years. Nothing is further from the truth. Rafael Caro Quintero, one of the primary suspects of this crime, has been incarcerated in a Mexican jail since April 1985, facing judicial proceedings and sentencing. About 60 individuals who are accused of being his accomplices are also imprisoned. Justice will be done in accordance with the Mexican judicial system.

Jorge Espinosa de los Reyes
Mexican Ambassador to the U.S.
Washington

Indian Insult

The assault on Indian graves [NATION, Feb. 1] is another painful tragedy for the heritage of American Indians. How much more prejudice and discrimination will they have to suffer before being regarded with deserved respect and dignity? The ultimate sacrifice is the pitiful penalty these grave robbers will face for the devastation of 1,200 graves.

Jane Early Powell
Athens, Ga.

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Letters

Fur Fuss

The woman who bought a \$15,000 mink coat, saying "If [the animal-rights issue] really bothered me, I would be a vegetarian," is wearing blinders [LIVING, Feb. 1]. The slaughter of animals for food is controlled by laws enforced by inspections. By contrast, the sprinkling of laws governing trapping cannot be enforced effectively because of the lack of wardens and the vast territories they have to patrol. Result: countless animals suffer agony for days simply to satisfy vanity.

Jack Kestner
Hayters Gap, Va.

It's a shame that the women liberated enough to know they can spoil themselves without waiting for a male to do so choose to express their self-indulgence by wearing fur coats.

Candi Ayres Phillips
Shawnee, Kans.

Only those capable of growing fur should wear fur.

Dave Hutchinson
Baton Rouge, La.

Islam's God

Your article "In the Eye of a Revolt" [WORLD, Jan. 25] on the continuing unrest in the occupied territories successfully touches on the relevant social and economic issues and presents a good snapshot of what is at stake. But your translations from the Arabic show ignorance of what Islam really has to say about God. Allah in Arabic means God in English. Translating "La ilah illa 'ilah" as "There is no God but Allah" implies that Islam's God is different from that of Christianity and Judaism. Islam is explicit: There is only one God, and that God is the same one worshiped by Christians and Jews.

Edward Hoyt
Cairo

One-Child Rule

When residents protest the increase in congestion because of new office buildings and condos [NATION, Jan. 25], they should make the following rule: people who have more than one child should not have a say in no-growth policies, because they haven't practiced what they preach. All those commuters came out of delivery rooms as darling babies, the offspring of couples who did not see their progeny as adding to population pressures. You can't have breathable air, drinkable water and technology and keep making babies too.

Kathleen A. Deming
St. Paul

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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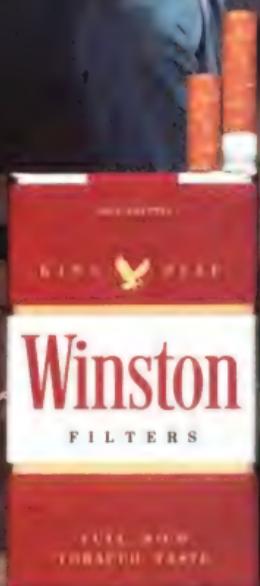
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Letters

Dear Editor: The Mailbag in 1987

From morality to grammar, readers had something to say

Letters are a way of taking a magazine audience's pulse, then the temper of the TIME reader in 1987 was gloomy and out of sorts. Although the nation celebrated the Bicentennial of the Constitution last year, the magazine's more than 46,000 letter writers were far from celebratory about the state of the union. Moral lapses, abuse of power, greed and hypocrisy were the themes that had readers concerned, indignant, anxious, furious and despairing. Issues and actions that measured the strength of the 200-year-old Constitution, as well as the moral fiber of the nation's political, business and spiritual leaders, were mainly what inspired TIME readers to put pen to paper.

There are intriguing similarities among the responses to the cover stories that drew the most letters in 1987: Oliver North, "Why Is Service So Bad?"; "What Ever Happened to Ethics"; Televangelists Jimmy Swaggart and the Bakkers, and Gary Hart's fall. The letters often reflected a sense of moral backsliding, a kind of national fall from grace. Readers mourned a lack of direction.

The Iran-contra affair drew the biggest response: more than 4,100 letters. Most saw the episode as a dingy chapter in American history, and many pointed to Ronald Reagan as the source of the taint. By almost 2 to 1, readers came down hard on the President, some judging him "chronically uninformed and untruthful" and suggesting that the Tower commission's report sounded "reveille to a nation long asleep and dreaming." One sarcastically proposed that *Reader's Digest* condense the Tower report "so the President can read it personally."

The "Who's in Charge?" cover story, published two weeks after the October stock-market crash, attracted more than 300 letters, many of them reflecting a sense that America was adrift with no one at the tiller. The President was also criticized for raising U.S. visibility in the Persian Gulf by putting American flags on Kuwaiti oil tankers. "Uncle Sam is play-

ing Uncle Sap!" wrote an angry reader. Yet Reagan loyalists remained unbowed: "Nothing he has said or done discredited him with me—I elected him, and I love him."

For many, Lieut. Colonel North seemed to embody national hypocrisy and duplicity. TIME's back-to-back cover stories (only the fifth time a cover subject has appeared for two consecutive weeks) provoked nearly 2,000 letters, three-fourths of which branded him as a villain. "If North is a hero," observed one reader, "then so is J.R. Ewing." Yet North, like the President, had champions. Wrote one: "It was fun to watch him stand up to a bunch of beady-eyed politicians bent on embarrassing the President."

The public debacle of Jim and Tammy Bakker brought forth scorn from readers who lambasted those who preach one thing and do another. Many of the more than 2,000 letter writers felt vindicated by the humbling of the televangelists, having long voiced skepticism about the electronic churches. "The embarrassment and derision being heaped on the pay-for-pray charlatans," one wrote, "are long overdue and well deserved." (The April 6 cover, "Unholy Row," was TIME's best-selling issue on the newsstands last year, with the July 13 cover on North second.)

"Hart's Fall" was viewed in a similar light by many who regarded his quitting the presidential race as a come-uppance for a man whose manner was holier-than-thou. Letters about candidates who departed the race—Hart and Delaware Senator Joseph Biden—far outnumbered correspondence about candidates who did not. One remarked of Biden, "I understand that he would have left the race sooner, but he could not find a copy of Gary Hart's speech."

Amens were heard when TIME's Ethics section made its debut in January, and its first cover story, "What Ever Happened to Ethics," seemed to mirror the feeling of many readers that the nation needed an ethical corrective. In writing about America's diminished commitment to moral standards, one of the more than 700 correspondents noted, "You have started a debate that is good for the nation."

Even the response to the cover on the decline in the nation's customer service, which drew the largest number of letters for a single story (more than 1,000), reflected a sense of things falling apart. Most readers cited a personal anecdote to illustrate their dismay, as though writing about the incident would serve as a kind of catharsis.

The cover story on the stock-market crash brought in a large dividend of mail, with people blaming everyone and everything from Ivan Boesky to incompetent Congressmen, from God's retribution to TIME's editors for Wall Street's slide. But almost everyone cited the budget deficit as requiring immediate attention.

The state of the world came in for fewer furrowed brows than the state of the nation. TIME's choice of Philippine President Corazon Aquino as Woman of the Year won overwhelming hosannas, far more than the previous year's selection of China's Deng Xiaoping. When it came to the Soviet Union, most suggested that Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms were about as real as a Potemkin village. Yet more than 50 readers nominated Gorbachev for TIME's Man of the Year in 1987, which, of course, he was.

TIME's report on Shere Hite's latest survey of male-female relationships found readers scoffing at her results. Her survey was described as "drivel-coated Pablum," "manipulative" and "preposterous." Many of the same adjectives were used about the cover on Shirley MacLaine and the New Age consciousness. Some saw a fatal coincidence—one might call it a harmonic convergence—in the story's December publication and the subject matter. "It just wouldn't be Christmas without a fruitcake."

Language detectives were, as ever, on the watch for lapses. Some mistakes were more perceived than real, such as the supposed error on the cover of the Nov. 30 issue: "This is one of 18 million Americans who have a drinking problem." "Shame on you!" cried 77 readers, who insisted that the verb be singular. But one understanding linguist was sympathetic: "Yours is an exciting but vulnerable profession. The rest of us can hide our mistakes in the bookkeeping or under the next pile of paper. You, of necessity, throw yours up like clay pigeons at a shoot, fair game for the potshots of all."



market crash, attracted more than 300 letters, many of them reflecting a sense that America was adrift with no one at the tiller. The President was also criticized for raising U.S. visibility in the Persian Gulf by putting American flags on Kuwaiti oil tankers. "Uncle Sam is play-



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Dole on a Roll

With help from Pat Robertson, he turns the G.O.P. race upside down



The day after the Iowa caucuses, an earthquake shook New Hampshire. It was a small tremor, just enough to give folks a jolt. On the same day, Senator Bob Dole of Kansas swept into the Granite State for a final round of campaigning before this week's primary. The often tightly coiled politician seemed a changed man: jaunty, self-possessed, rejuvenated. After winning the Iowa contest with 38% of the Republican vote, he suddenly had the aura of a champion. "We're winning!" he exulted as he greeted a supporter in Nashua. His rhetoric was sharp-

er, his jokes funnier, his rapport with voters seemed warmer. For Dole and his chief opponents in the Republican presidential race, the Iowa results promised to have earth-shaking ramifications.

As he barnstormed through the snow, Dole was clearly on a roll. When he posed for a photographer on a street corner near Exeter, a passing driver honked his horn and yelled, "Give 'em hell, Bob!" Dole marveled at his reception. "People are wishing me luck now," he gloated to his staffers. "He's grown as a candidate in just the last four days," said his pollster Richard Wirthlin late in the week.

"He's more confident, more assured."

The flip side of Dole's Iowa victory was Vice President George Bush's defeat. Despite his status as Reagan's heir apparent, the advantages of office and more than \$5 million in campaign funds, Bush finished a distant third, with a slim 19% of the vote. Pat Robertson, the former religious broadcaster who has never held public office, stunned the Republican establishment with 25% of the vote and a second-place finish, emerging as a powerful and potentially disruptive force.

The Iowa results set the stage for gripping political drama in both parties as the



"He's grown as a candidate," the Senator's pollster says. "He's more confident"

Struggling to keep his candidacy viable, Bush badly needed a win in New Hampshire. Two weeks ago polls showed him leading Dole by 20 points in the state. Late last week most surveys found the race too close to call. Dole was poised to upset a rival whose nomination had been portrayed as inevitable.

In Iowa, Dole capitalized on dissatisfaction with the Reagan Administration. But in New Hampshire, where the President remains popular, Dole struck a more conservative note, reiterating his support for the Nicaragua *contras* and, most notably, the Strategic Defense Initiative. "I will develop SDI, I will test SDI, I will deploy SDI," he thundered to the state legislature. A Dole aide boasted, "Ronald Reagan couldn't find any room to the right of that speech." Dole sounded even more like Reagan at a G.O.P. forum in Nashua. "As President of the U.S.," he vowed, "I pledge to veto any attempt to increase new taxes."

Yet even in the midst of his roll, Dole could not completely check the crusty streak that has proved his undoing in the past. His testiness surfaced when liberal students at the University of New Hampshire grilled him about South Africa. "Aren't there any conservative students here?" Dole bantered at first. Then he lost patience. Why, one questioner persisted, was Dole unwilling to support "realistic sanctions"? Dole shot back, "Name those realistic sanctions." When the student faltered, Dole bore in on him. "Name 'em," he growled. "Give me a list of them." The student replied, "I'm sorry, I can't." His point made, Dole drawled, "Oh, O.K. Go ahead."

Afterward, Dole defended his harshness. "I'm trying to make the point up here that Bob Dole is a conservative Republican; Bob Dole is tough enough to stand up to some of these ideas," he told TIME. "They ought to know that if Bob Dole is elected . . . that's the way I operate." But after Ronald Reagan's sunny optimism, Republican voters may be startled when they encounter Dole's occasional cold furies.

While Dole built up momentum, Bush appeared unanchored. The Vice President's men blamed external factors for the crushing loss in Iowa: six years of a depressed farm economy, Dole's Midwestern background, Senator Charles Grassley's support for Dole. In truth, the Vice President had simply failed to motivate caucus goers. Bush had garnered 35,000 pre-caucus commitments, but wound up with little more than 20,000 votes. His projected supporters either changed their minds or stayed at home on caucus night.

When asked what he could do to turn his campaign around, Bush wanly replied, "Do a better job of getting my message out. Work harder, though I don't know how I can do that." In fact, Bush has been campaigning relentlessly for two years.

primary season opened this week. With no incumbent to rally around, each party had hoped for an early consensus behind a strong candidate. Instead, the muddled Democratic results and the turmoil in the G.O.P. increase the chances of protracted warfare right through the spring.

As expected, the chorus of lesser G.O.P. candidates began making their exits. Alexander Haig (0% in Iowa, last place) quit the race last Friday with a parting shot at Bush—and, indirectly, at the Reagan inner circle that had ousted him as Secretary of State. "From my point of view," said Haig, "Bob Dole is head and shoulders above George Bush as a potential President." Pete du Pont (7%, fifth place) will soon be heading back to Delaware's chateau country. Jack Kemp (11%, fourth place) had counted on outflanking Bush and Dole on the right as the true-blue conservative candidate. But Robertson's message of moral regeneration proved more appealing than Kemp's pep talks on economics, and the Buffalo Congressman could only hope that a strong finish in New Hampshire would keep him in the game.

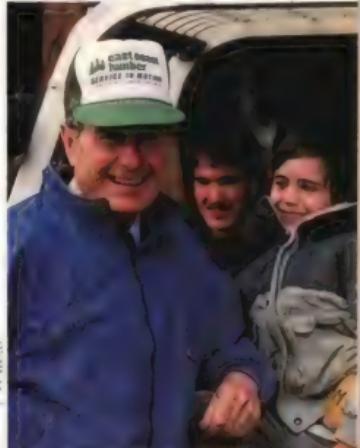
His weak support in Iowa did not stem from lack of hard work, or even from his involvement in the Iran-contra scandal. The essential problem with the Bush campaign was the man himself.

His "message" builds on his loyalty to Ronald Reagan, but his rhetoric evokes images of following rather than leading. His stump speech—delivered in disjointed sentence fragments and punctuated by jittery mannerisms—does little to command respect or confidence. When Dole preaches about reducing the deficit, compassion for the poor and "hands-on leadership," he sounds convincing, even urgent. Bush tells his audiences, "I want to be the education President," leaving them sitting on their hands. Try as he might, Bush has not attained the stature that a successful candidate needs.

At midweek the Bush camp brought in former Reagan Wordsmith Peggy Noonan to rewrite his stump speech. The result was a tight, effective assault on the recent lack of congressional leadership. Bush's biggest weapon against Dole. The Vice President scaled back his intimidating Secret Service entourage and toured shopping malls to engage in the "retail politics" required in New Hampshire. Before an audience of retirees in Portsmouth, he pleaded for understanding: "I don't always articulate well, but I always do feel. Nobody believes more strongly." It seemed to work.

Even if Bush rallies for a clear win in New Hampshire, he faces tough tests ahead. Robertson could prove to be more of a spoiler in the South than he was in Iowa. Robertson credited his dazzling showing in Iowa to God and his "invisible army" of supporters. Actually, Robertson supporters functioned less like an army than a skilled commando brigade. They understood the caucus system well and adroitly concentrated on group voting. Robertson organizers even rented buses to deliver their supporters to meetings en masse. Throughout the South and in such

Bush no longer the "inevitable" nominee



Nation

states as Michigan and Minnesota. Robertson has built up similarly efficient organizations full of fervent campaigners.

To some Republicans, the Dole-Bush-Robertson conflict taking shape is a sign of fragmentation and discord in the G.O.P. "All the cultural contradictions of the party are coming home to roost," says John Buckley, a senior Kemp aide. "We are paying for the coalition we put together in 1980." Unlike Reagan in that year, no Republican in 1988 seems capable of winning the support of both moderate conservatives and right-wing evangelicals. Moreover, Robertson voters seem unlikely to throw their weight to a more electable, coalition candidate. "They hold their views

with a ferocity that makes compromise impossible," says John Deardourff, a longtime G.O.P. consultant. "There is no middle ground for them."

Though Dole and Bush are both seen as traditional G.O.P. politicians, there seems to be a cleavage, in culture and outlook, between their respective supporters. Says Charles Douglas, a former New Hampshire Supreme Court justice and a Kemp supporter: "It's the difference between those who buy their clothes at Sears and those who go to Brooks Brothers." If Dole represents Main Street, Bush personifies Wall Street. Dole's roots are rural: Bush's are suburban country club. Like Reagan, Bush is upbeat about the future; Dole, and Robertson as well, speaks

for those who are concerned or resentful about America's lost jobs and lost innocence.

The fractures in the G.O.P. coalition that surfaced in Iowa could deepen if the three-way battle drags out and grows bitter. For months the Bush campaign counted on its broad support and organization in the Southern states as a "fire wall" against any damage suffered in the early contests. But if Dole and Robertson continue to scorch him, Bush may not reach his fire wall intact—and the others must hope that the spreading conflagration does not destroy the party's chances of keeping the White House.

—By Jacob V. Lamar.

Reported by David Beckwith and Alessandra Stanley/Nashua

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Watching from the Warmth

Ronald Reagan was in a strange little drama up in New Hampshire last week that the wags in the White House named *The Body Snatchers*. Reagan played the body.

Bob Dole on camera waved his letter of presidential thanks for help in the Senate approval of *contra* aid, one of 51 sent to supporters. George Bush played trump and rushed back to Washington, huddled officially in the Oval Office on secret matters with the President, stayed around for his weekly lunch and then made sure a photo of the two deep into beef-pepper-pot soup was pumped out to the press.

Reagan kind of liked it. There are a couple of things that have got under his skin during these past few weeks. One is Dole. The other is Iowa. Dole beats up on Reagan when it helps him, then cozies up when the crowd turns out to be pro-Gipper, as in New Hampshire. In Iowa they have been sore at Reagan for eight years, even though he helped jolly them through the Great Depression as Dutch Reagan, ace sportscaster. In the 1980 caucuses, Iowa voted Reagan down, but when he nevertheless went on to win the presidency, he sportingly lifted Jimmy Carter's grain embargo for the farmers. Now Iowa has bashed Reagan's own Vice President. No wonder he's a bit annoyed.

Reagan is sworn to neutrality—so he's said nothing publicly—but he is not sworn to be oblivious. He is intensely interested. He and Nancy watched the Iowa returns into the night. But nary a leak trickled down.

Earlier, when Bush called in from the frozen Iowa precincts to talk about whether or not he should come back for the *contra* vote, the President listened and never tilted either way. Bush decided on his own to return.

The President did not even tell Chief of Staff Howard Baker what he and Bush said at the post-Iowa lunch. "Don't you suppose," ventured one White House staffer, "he said, 'George, when you see a microphone, grab it and tell 'em you

bought and paid for it.'" Surely Reagan passed on his generally warm feelings about those gimlet-eyed Yankees. Whatever Reagan's advice was, Bush seemed more at ease when he returned to the campaign. He sported baseball caps, drove an 18-wheel truck, even manned a forklift. "I'm comfortable in this state," he told New Hampshire voters. It was a sentiment that seemed to come from the heart.

A little melancholia has been showing in the White House for some time. When Redskin Supermouth Dexter Manley came around with the Super Bowl champs for the South Lawn ordination and declared, "We're going to renegotiate the President's contract for four more years," Reagan's eyes lit up like a pinball machine.

Over in the Old Executive Office Building, a high school delegate to the Senate Youth Program asked him about the two-term limit, and Reagan, with a wistful tone in his voice, made an eloquent appeal to dump the 22nd Amendment and let the American people decide how long a President should serve. He went to Duke University to talk about drugs, and his handlers thought he had forgotten his mission when he grabbed the limousine microphone and began working the crowd like old times. Why not? This is the first year in 23 that he is not on the political line.

His aides love watching the first battles from the sidelines. "The next best thing to a snowstorm," said Speechwriter Tony Dolan. "Fate is in the hands of the American people, a force of nature. There is absolutely nothing we can do about it."

Tommy Griscom, Reagan's communications director, and Baker, who was once a candidate himself, were watching Bush on TV shivering down the glacial campaign trail. Griscom ribbed Baker: "Just think, if you were a candidate you'd be there." Baker smiled and looked lovingly at the burning logs in his White House fireplace.



"George, tell 'em you paid for the microphone"

Battling for the Post-Liberal Soul

For now, it's Gephardt vs. Dukakis, with Simon scrambling to keep up


Almost from the beginning, they sensed they were natural adversaries. Heartland vs. Harvard. Freckle-faced intensity vs. button-down ethnicity. Iowa-caucus king vs. home-turf favorite in this week's New Hampshire primary. Congressman Richard Gephardt vs. Governor Michael Dukakis in a battle to define the post-liberal soul of the Democratic Party. Last August, when the presidential race was still seven characters in search of an audience, they squared off in a debate over trade policy. One sentence from that half-forgotten practice round crystallizes the differences between these rival claimants. Dukakis turned to Gephardt and said, "You want a law, I want to act."

This is now the clash that confronts the Democrats. Paul Simon is struggling to parlay a close second in Iowa into political survival: Albert Gore is hunkering down in a hunting blind in the South, lying in wait for Super Tuesday; and Mario Cuomo still hovers mysteriously in the wings. But for the moment, the two contenders who ran first and third in Iowa will define the Democratic debate. Dukakis' opposition to Gephardt's agenda of get-tough trade policies and an oil-import fee is only part of the equation. More telling are their differences in orientation and outlook. For all his new populist pretensions, Gephardt remains a man of the House, a legislative tactician whose vision is shaped by years of trying to assemble 218-vote majorities. Dukakis, in contrast, offers the skills of a can-do Governor who has prospered by marrying liberal goals with pinchpenny policies.

Gephardt did nearly everything right to win Iowa. In the closing weeks, he was the only Democrat projecting clarity and strength. "What really clinched it for Gephardt was the way he presented the message on trade," theorized Arthur Miller, a University of Iowa political scientist. "It was a strong, sharp image coming across, with a gut feeling of patriotism." The Missouri Congressman's trade plan touches on nativist fears, and he rivals the Walter Mondale of 1984 in interest-group pandering. But

he was the only Democrat to cut through the deficit doldrums to touch on deeper economic fears. "We are losing our standard of living," Gephardt warned in countless speeches, and union members, farmers and the elderly nodded their assent.

For all that, Gephardt's Iowa victory had about as much artistry as mud wrestling. Once again, Democrats had trouble tallying the returns, and the results are still incomplete. The state party's figures give Gephardt 31% support, Simon 27%, Dukakis 22% and Jesse Jackson a respectable 9%. Simon found the results

galling: he finished a close second, yet his post-Iowa prospects were widely reported as near hopeless. Dukakis' mediocre finish was a fitting reward for fuzzy campaign; yet he jetted off to New Hampshire with the euphoria of a MacArthur returning to the Philippines. At a Democratic dinner the day after the caucuses, Senator Ted Kennedy joked, "Only eight years ago I finished second in Iowa, and my presidential campaign was finished. This year Mike Dukakis finishes third, and he's on his way to the White House." For Bruce Babbitt and Gary Hart, the Iowa returns meant seats in the balcony at the

Democratic Convention. Garnering just 6%, Babbitt left Iowa with a sad smile and a stack of glowing press clippings. Hart registered nary a beat: there were giggles in one north Des Moines precinct when no one stood up to support him.

Once the Iowa results were in, New Hampshire quickly became the Avis primary: a bitter race for the No. 2 try-harder slot. With victory all but ceded to Dukakis, Simon embarked on a last-ditch struggle to dethrone Gephardt as the principal challenger. Gone was the Illinois Senator's reticence about direct attacks: already in debt, he borrowed \$110,000 to pay for ads deriding Gephardt's weather-vane voting record. But Simon's scorched-earth tactics could in the end mostly benefit Dukakis and Gore, whose money and organizational strength will keep them well equipped for the march through the South.

Gephardt's dire economic warnings seem ill suited for booming New Hampshire. But the Missouri Congressman insists that he does not need a depressed farm economy to sell his brand of downbeat realism: "Even in New Hampshire," he argued in a *TIME* interview, "there's the feeling that people are not getting ahead economically: they can't buy the house; they can't afford the education. It's more jobs, more work, less income, more debt." In any case, Gephardt does not have the luxury of tailoring his appeal to New England voters. Even though an oil-import fee is wildly unpopular in these frigid climes, Gephardt must hold his ground in a belated effort to demonstrate ideological consistency.

With the Duke on top, New Hampshire became a race for No. 2



For Dukakis after Iowa, New Hampshire fits Robert Frost's definition of home as "the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." The mood and tenor of his campaign changed as soon as he arrived, particularly in the Manchester neighborhood where his Greek-immigrant father Panos first settled in 1912. Dukakis appeared able to relax now that he no longer had to put up to be fascinated with Iowa farm problems or subdue his natural 78-r.p.m. speech rhythms. While he did not fully abandon his innate caution, he did seem more adept at sniping at his rivals. He even feigned ire when Simon called him a manager rather than a leader. "When a fellow comes to town and calls me a technocrat," said the Governor, who normally delights in talking about industrial incubators and photovoltaics. "I've got to respond."

But Gephardt's aides believe they have taken the measure of Dukakis and found him less formidable than once imagined. Their new orthodoxy is that Dukakis' almost willful blandness is the perfect foil for Gephardt's populist pyrotechnics. "Duke's is very unclear message," says a ranking Gephardt adviser. "He doesn't know what he's trying to say, and it's been the same since [Campaign Manager John] Sasso left last October." Sasso's departure in the wake of the Jo-

seph Biden "attack video" caper has left the Dukakis campaign with no one of that stature to override the candidate's own stubbornness. Even now Dukakis vows not to neglect his Governor's duties for the campaign trail. He still balks at suggestions that he adopt a more moving oratory, and resists foreign policy briefings that would remedy his woeful lack of sophistication in that area.

It is odd that the same armchair analysts frustrated with Dukakis' inability to play the rhetorical heartstrings of compassion are equally irate over the plasticity of Gephardt's populist persona. In a sense, Dukakis is faulted for being too much his own man and Gephardt for being too much everyone else's. As a Democratic insider puts it, "Gephardt is a campaign manager's dream. He does exactly what he's told [and] he will do what is necessary."

Yet even without the ministrations of campaign imagemakers, the philosophic cleavages between Gephardt and Dukakis would be profound. Both came to political maturity against the backdrop of a conservative era. Gephardt represents the party's congressional realists, who chose partial accommodation with the Reagan tide in the early 1980s over symbolic protest. Dukakis is an exemplar of the new-

breed Democratic Governors who were forced to develop innovative programs in the face of fiscal constraints and a restive electorate—liberalism on the cheap. Dukakis' upbeat economic message flows from the discovery of how much can be achieved with limited resources. Gephardt's pessimism probably has its roots in his congressional experience. After seven years of frustration under Reagan, it is easy for a new-era congressional Democrat to conclude that only draconian legislative remedies can restore the economy's luster.

The Gephardt-Dukakis showdown almost wipes away the past six months of Democratic boombets and burnouts. The Simon surge last fall may have been a final hothouse flowering of nostalgic liberalism. Hart's dramatic return was clearly an irrelevant distraction. The brief Babbitt bubble is a reminder that the power of the press can be overrated. Aside from Jesse Jackson, each of the three likely survivors after New Hampshire (Dukakis, Gephardt and Gore) represents distinct pragmatic strands of a new Democratic tapestry. At stake in their coming struggle is not only the nomination but whether Democrats can forge a winning new-age ideology for the post-Reagan era.

By Walter Shapiro.

Reported by Michael Duffy and Michael Riley/
Manchester

On the Grapevine



He's tanned, he's rested, he's ready: Nixon in '88. Those T-shirt people were on to something. Nixon is back, this time as a political analyst for the London *Sunday Times* and the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. Some of the pronouncements from his first column: Dole ran a "determined, effective campaign" in Iowa, but "Bush is still the man to beat." Kemp is "building a powerful case for the second spot on the ticket." Most curious is his prescription for the Democrats in the likely event of a deadlocked convention. Cuomo probably won't run. Nixon says, because he doesn't want to have his family "cut up by the national media." The party's last best hope (are you ready?): Ted Kennedy. "If the media hound Kennedy over that tragic accident 19 years ago, they might well help him rather than hurt him—and also help land themselves in the political doghouse."



Nixon plugs Kennedy; Cuomo makes vacation plans

Mutual deterrence. Against a sound track of feet crunching in the snow, the camera pans over a virgin white expanse to the shadow of a man. A somber voice-over intones, "After 20 years of walking in the footprints of giants, isn't it odd that George Bush has left no footprints at all? It's almost like he was never there." This TV commercial had not been used, but Dole aides artfully leaked news of its existence last week. They called it their "tactical nuclear weapon," ready to air if Bush tried any negative play or increased his lead going into New Hampshire. Dole, once enthusiastic about the ad, lost his stomach for it by the end of last week. Perhaps he

knew that Bush was ready with a counter-ad. It shows a two-faced Dole taking both sides of the issues.

What I did on my summer vacation. Last month Mario Cuomo privately telephoned a few influential friends with a startling proposition: that a group of them get together and back a candidate before the Iowa caucuses. When friends said the ploy would be disruptive and unwise, he abandoned the idea. Now he is back to making coy remarks. In his continuing quest not to be a candidate, Cuomo let drop last

week that if pressed he could conceive of running for President during his summer vacation, since Albany virtually shuts down from July to October. He's not saying he *would* run for President during his summer vacation, mind you, just that he "could construct a lawyer's argument" (he is a lawyer, after all) for running should a deadlocked convention turn to him. You could say, he explained, "I just took a vacation to run for President, so who did I hurt?"

Speaking Matilda. Is the press asking the wrong question? Maybe it's Cuomo's wife who's running. The Governor called a Washington friend last week to ask a special favor: Would the friend arrange for Wife Matilda to address the National Press Club in Washington?

Quote of the week. "I've got a 50-state campaign and will go all the way. I never expected any early miracles." —Gary Hart after finishing sixth in Iowa

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Pilloried for Pandering

By changing his tune, Gephardt found the rhythm



A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Everyone—except some voters, it seems—loves to loathe Dick Gephardt. Since Iowa, the press has castigated him for his politically inspired conversion from a nerdy Mr. Inside to an Establishment-baiting Joe Populist. His rivals have jeered him as an inconsistent opportunist pandering to whims of a variety of special-interest groups. Others have derided him as a chameleon who darkened his blond eyebrows (otherwise they disappeared on television) and made himself into a populist prophet who would lead America out of economic servitude. Gephardt just grins: such criticism tells him he must be on to something.

Indeed, his critics dub him a master of the flip-flop, accusing him of committing the deadliest sin of American politics. As a House member he supported an array of measures that he now repudiates: the 1981 Reagan tax cut, the MX missile, an antiabortion amendment and a freeze in Social Security benefits. But Gephardt is untroubled by the charges of hypocrisy: "All great political leaders have changed their minds in response to changing circumstances. It's silly to be rigid on things when circumstances change."

In fairness, some of the transformation reflects an evolutionary tilt from right to left during eleven years in Congress. In the past three months, however, Gephardt has performed a dazzling political pirouette. It began last November, when he met with his aides to figure out why, after more than 100 days of campaigning in Iowa, he was losing support in the polls. Gephardt was frustrated and demoralized; he just wasn't connecting with voters. His technical speeches on trade were either boring or off-putting. So Gephardt suggested using examples of American products that cost much more in Asia. This, he thought, would provide concrete evidence of what he meant by unfair trade

practices. A diligent researcher went out and found examples of apples that would cost \$5 in Japan if they could be sold there at all, and a Ford Taurus sedan that cost \$76,000 in South Korea.

With help from Deputy Campaign Manager Joe Trippi, Political Consultant



After Iowa: trying to take the same message east
Performing a pirouette that would have dazzled Diaghilev.

Bob Shrum, 44, an intense and brilliant veteran wordsmith in four presidential campaigns, went to work on a television ad that would bring Gephardt's theme to life. It showed a stern-looking Gephardt promising to force the Koreans to reduce tariffs on American cars, or "they'll soon

learn how many Americans will pay \$48,000 for a Hyundai." The spot hit the air in Iowa the day after Christmas and grabbed viewers by the collar. "What the TV did was punch through what I'd been saying for a year," Gephardt explained last week. "We finally got across that the trade bill isn't about protectionism: it's about fairness, a two-way street."

Over Christmas, Shrum began to cobble together a new stump speech that altered the tone of the Gephardt candidacy: the new Shrum speech zeroed in on the

"Establishment" as the culprit for what was wrong with the country. The Establishment, Gephardt charged, was intent on sending jobs overseas, cutting Social Security and hacking up family farms for agribusinesses. It was a brazen act of reinvention: Gephardt's previous message touted his ability as a Washington insider to work within the corridors of power; now he was preaching the politics of resentment.

Suddenly the earnest, Howdy Doody-ish Midwesterner became an old-fashioned firebrand. He had found a voice that worked. "Dick has touched a deep-seated fear about the economic future of the nation," says Kirk O'Donnell, president of the Center for National Policy, a Democratic-oriented think tank. "This is powerful stuff."

The other candidates immediately blasted Gephardt for blatant opportunism. In New Hampshire, Paul Simon put on tough radio ads outlining issue after issue in which "Congressman Gephardt" said one thing while "Candidate Gephardt" said another. Michael Dukakis accused Gephardt of being "protectionist" and having 19th century ideas about trade. Even several of Gephardt's former staffers described his new persona as contrived. Don Foley, who quit as his press secretary three months ago, told friends, "Some days he doesn't even know who he is."

The new strategy comes easily to Gephardt because he, more than any other Democratic candidate, has an instinct to please, an inclination to tell people what he thinks they want to hear. Yet he is tapping a real well of discontent and economic nationalism. Such a message plays well in regions where times are hard and resentment is ready to be roused. But it is hardly a blueprint for governing. —By Richard Stengel

Reported by Michael Duffy/
Manchester

The K-Car Fallacy

The most effective commercial during the Iowa campaign was Richard Gephardt's distillation of a complex trade problem into a single, memorable example. "A \$10,000 Chrysler K-car costs \$48,000 in Korea by the time they slap on nine separate taxes and tariffs," the candidate declared in television spots.

While the message rightly called attention to South Korea's barriers against foreign automobiles, the facts are that a K-car would retail for just under \$28,000, not \$48,000, in Korea. And Japan, not Detroit, would be the main beneficiary if Korean barriers were eased.

Gephardt's lament aside, the K-car is not exactly a symbol of American technological prowess. The car was hastily introduced by Chrysler in the late 1970s to help stave off bankruptcy; the company has since shifted its focus to more stylish and advanced models. In the U.S., the K-car ranks far behind the Ford Escort and Chevrolet Cavalier. Chrysler has never even seriously tried to sell K-cars in places like Europe, where tariffs are not a factor.

Instead of complaining that America cannot sell an aging product to consumers who are unlikely to want it, presidential candidates would do better to stress that the U.S. economy will be strong in the 1990s only if Americans make and sell products that the rest of the world finds irresistible.

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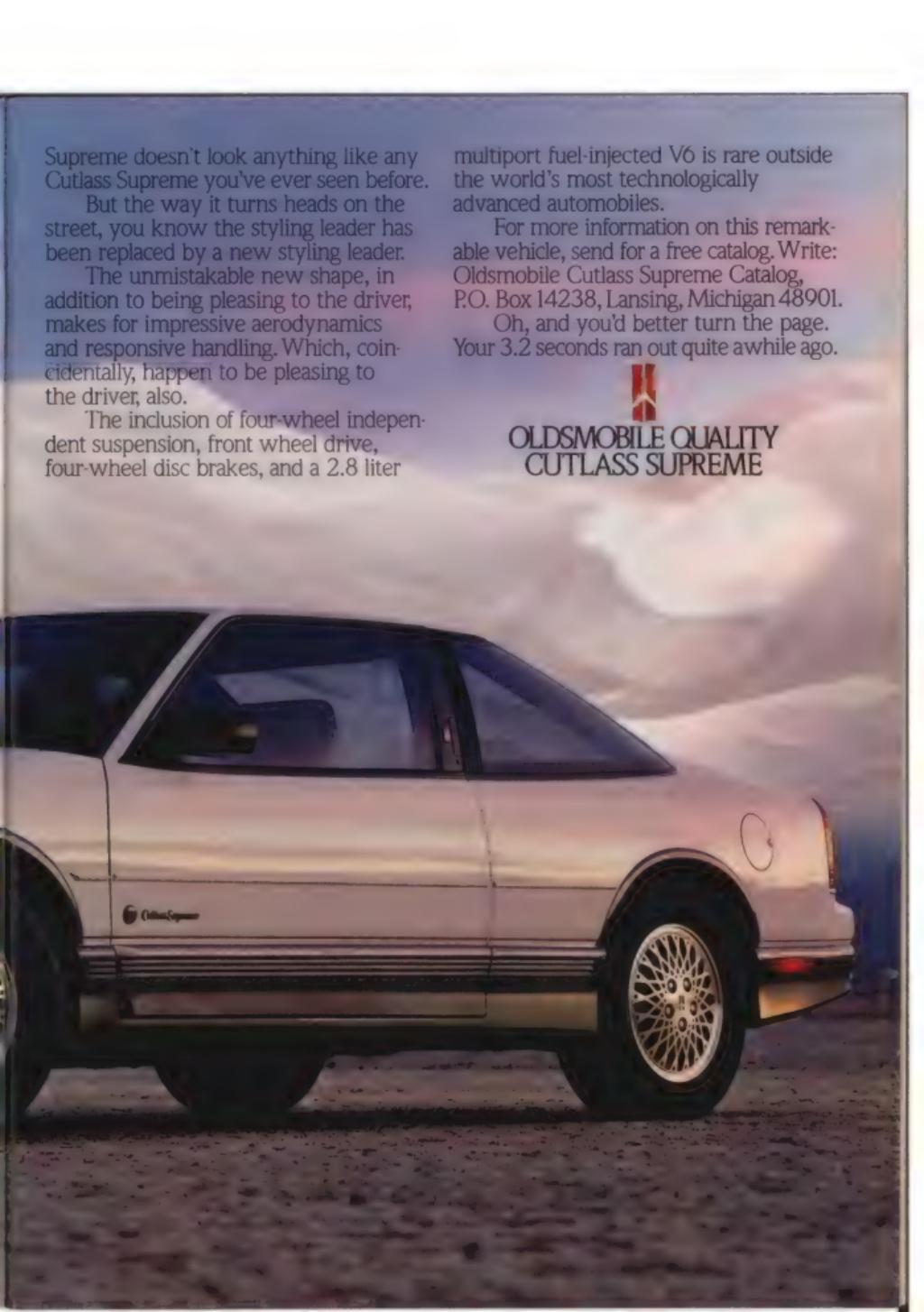
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Robertson and the Reagan Gap

It would be wrong, and dangerous, to ignore the chord he is striking

By Garry Wills



The author, Henry R. Luce Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University, has written six books on American Presidents, most recently Reagan's America. This is the first in a series of analyses he will be writing for TIME.

A moral alarm clock is going off in America, and not many politicians hear it. Pat Robertson does, and so do more of his fellow citizens than we less godly folk have been willing to admit. "The press missed the Reagan Revolution," Robertson told me recently, and it is true that much of what Robertson is saying—about prayer in schools, abortion, collectivism, the Supreme Court, creationism, drugs and homosexuality—has been part of the Reagan message at one time or another. Only Robertson means it.

Reagan meant it too, but only intermittently. He was more apt to look to his horoscope on any working day than to scriptural warnings about the last times. Nonetheless, Reagan did have an uncanny ability to address the spiritual discomfort of his followers, their sense that America was ceasing to be what it had always been in its own citizens' eyes: a moral nation. Reagan renewed the sense of an America shaped historically by spiritual hungers. He intuited that whatever the legal arrangements of church and state, belief in America and belief in God have been interrelated in the actual experience of most Americans through most of their history. These were reciprocal sources of strength as recently as in the life of Martin Luther King Jr.

Yet that intertwining of beliefs has raveled out swiftly in our time. Americans see their children growing up in an atmosphere abuzz with libidinous solicitings, sitting transfixed before Technicolor celebrations of greed and lust and violence, lured through many conduits toward experiment with drugs or rebellion. Authority is undermined, they feel, as parents drift apart or desert the home, to be replaced by teachers who are themselves morally adrift as they try to control student bodies bordering on thuggery. Pornography that would not have been admitted to most communities' theaters is now available on home screens by cable or VCR. Divorce, open "living arrangements" by the unmarried, declared homosexuality abrade the nerves of those who were taught that the stable family is the norm of society.

The signs of moral revolt have been there for some time. The Equal Rights Amendment was defeated because its foes could portray it as weakening the family. The Democrats have their moralists of the family, Jesse Jackson making it part of his political program to stop "babies making babies." Edward Kennedy and Gary Hart have been rejected as political leaders because of their failings as family men. The wife of Albert Gore is even crusading against "satanic" lyrics in rock songs. Since Gore's fund

raising with Hollywood liberals was hurt by his wife's censoriousness, Gail Sheehy made an attempt at "de-Tipperizing" Gore in a recent article, pointedly noting that Gore attends raunchy nightclub acts. On Super Tuesday, Gore may find Tipper a more important ally than Norman Lear when it comes to ordinary voters. America has until very recently been a moralist and a moralizing country.

But the most glaring evidence of a moral hunger in today's electorate has been, as Robertson points out, the Reagan popularity. Though Reagan accomplished little on the "social issues," his annual addresses to religious broadcasters and antiabortionists appealed to many Americans beyond the hard core of Pentecostals or Evangelicals. Most Americans nodded along with Reagan's regular mentions of prayer, his claim that he survived assassination by a special providence of God, his assertion that all the answers to life's problems can be found in the Bible.

Though his own marriage has suffered all the disruptions of our hedonistic times and his Administration has been riddled with venality, Reagan somehow retained the air of a model family man, decent and moral. He is the Houdini of politics, who always pulls the old-fashioned values out of a space helmet. He teased up a taste for miracles in his audience, for "just saying no" and making the modern world—a vaster threat than any hurricane—go away.

That yearning for moral reassurance is not likely to find satisfaction in the regular Republican candidates this year—certainly not in the unburning Bush or the mournful Dole. Even Jack Kemp got left in the count-house to pine for evanescent gold. The Republican Party is suffering from a Reagan Gap. The lack of a convincing heir to the treasures of affection stored up by Reagan led Pat Buchanan last year to toy with the idea of running for President himself, and no wonder. When believers said over the years, "Let Reagan be Reagan," they often meant, "Let him be Buchanan."

Even Reagan could not be Reagan in his own followers' sense. For one thing, it would be a full-time job. But Robertson can be that kind of Reagan, and then some. Robertson offers Reaganism without the actor's human face. Many will no doubt draw the line at faith healing, but we should treat with some caution the arguments being used to dismiss or diminish the Robertson phenomenon. For instance:

► That he cannot go beyond his base of Pentecostals and Evangelicals. Even if that were true, his base is a large one, enough to have important influence on the party. It made up roughly 20% of Reagan's vote in 1984. Besides, the true believers have a large halo of almost believers: in a TIME poll last month, one-third of Americans called themselves born-again. Robertson has the highest negative ratings of any candidate. 56% of likely Republican voters nationwide say their impression of him is unfavorable, compared with only 15% who say that of Dole.



Robertson offers Reaganism without the actor's human face

Also, more than 70% of the nation agrees that "it is important to maintain a strict separation between church and state." Yet the polls clearly show the source of Robertson's latent strength, especially in caucus states. Hal Quinley of the polling firm Yankelevich Clancy Shulman says there is a core group of about 20% of those eligible to vote that is highly receptive to Robertson's evangelical message and can be mobilized to participate in a caucus. In addition, 57% of the country agrees with the statement that "we are a religious nation and religious values should serve as a guide to what our political leaders do in office."

► That many of his voters are first-timers who may be one-timers. Robertson is bringing in new voters, but they are people who have been specifically mobilized by a sense of mission, by the feeling that they must "take back" this country for God. The politicizing of the religious right has been going on for decades, as Jeffrey Hadden and Anson Shupe document in their forthcoming book, *Televangelism, Power, and Politics*. The Robertson voters are first-timers for reasons that make it unlikely that they will be one-timers.

► That voters with low income and education, like many of Robertson's supporters, are traditionally less active and influential in party politics. Then why are so many candidates using a populist appeal this year, which deliberately seeks a low base in the social scale? Iowa returns showed that half of Robertson's people did not go to college (for Bush that total was 29%), and 41% of them made \$30,000 or less a year (compared with 26% of Bush's total).

But the lower incomes of Robertson's followers are due in part to the fact that he got the youngest vote in Iowa, just as President Reagan carried the young in 1984. A 1979 study by the Princeton Religion Research Center found that 54% of Evangelicals are under 50 years of age—a finding confirmed impressionistically when one travels with Robertson. His crowds are often young parents bringing their children with them. In terms of education, Christian schools, which exact long study hours as well as a strict social code, are opening at the rate of one a day, a movement surpassed earlier only by Roman Catholic parochial schools, which raised poor immigrants to high educational levels. The Christian schools, like the original Catholic ones, are founded to avoid the taint of irreligiosity in public schools.

► That the kook factor will do Robertson in. President Reagan believes in miracles and carries lucky charms in his pocket at all times. But he never wrestled with a hurricane on television. Even the glossy Jerry Falwell, with all his equivocal gifts, disdains glossolalia. Robertson, on the other hand, despite his prickliness about being called a television evangelist these days, has been captured on video showing all his Pentecostal fervor. The networks last week showed clips of him waving his arms as he spoke of curing hemorrhoids. In an interview with David Frost that aired this Sunday, Robertson defended the time he prayed on his television show to divert the course of Hurricane Gloria, adding of the storm's subsequent shift toward New York: "I think it was divine intervention." Bringing the Holy Ghost in on the cure for hemorrhoids seems, on the face of it, to disqualify the practitioner of such "solutions" from sitting with the National Security Council in judgment of more complicated matters.

But mockers of Pentecostal gifts must tread warily when making fun of miracles. Not only does President Reagan believe in them: most of his fellow citizens share that belief in some measure or other. According to the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Council, 29% of Americans have had visions of some sort, 42% have been in contact with the dead and 67% have experienced extrasensory perception. Obviously, there are a lot of people out there who believe the spirit of God is touching them. Many of them kneel before a television set and, after experiencing spiritual relief, mail off \$10 to an evangelist. Some people who disapprove of this may be spending ten times that amount for time with a therapist or counseling group, with results not necessarily more satisfying. Religious people of various kinds may feel insulted if Robertson's belief is ridiculed. There are many products of Christian schools reading sophisticated defenses of their position, books like C.S. Lewis' *Miracles: A Preliminary Study*.

► That Robertson's organizing triumph is a secular technique based on his communications empire, with its carefully refined computer lists. Actually, Robertson's secular savvy is overrated. He talks often about Yale law school but not about the bar exam he flunked. He boasts of his business skills, though he was taken in by a con woman who promised him the Hunt family's inheritance. He bred vipers in his bosom called Tammy Faye and Jim. Like John Kennedy, he had a phantom experience with a London university that eerily grew in later résumés. His principal books were written "with" professional writers, and he is uneasy and defensive when asked about that.

If the Second Coming, which Robertson has said will be televised worldwide by satellite, had occurred on the night after the Michigan caucuses, his principal organizer, R. Marc Nuttle, would have missed it, because, after carefully adjusting the outsize earphones to his pocket-size television set, he found that the batteries were dead. Craning over Nuttle's shoulder in the staff van was Connie Snapp, the "communications director" of the campaign, who had tried to bring her candidate into Michigan and leave the traveling press behind (a maneuver so foolish that the staff man with the candidate disregarded it). What slickness the campaign has tends to undo itself out of distrust for the rest of the world, as in the duplicate tallying of caucus returns in Iowa, a state noted for its clean politics. What makes Robertson a threat is not the medium but, precisely, the message.

Thus Robertson's foes must be careful about overkill. Calling him an Ayatollah points to a truth not intended—that religion is a powerful national force, not only in exotic places but also in their own familiar country. Americans need to become more attuned to their country's desires before concluding that today's moral crisis is easily handled with secular expertise. Pat Robertson's practiced intimacy, his instant if shallow friendliness, may frighten some. But it reassures others exactly because he is not theatrical or compelling (as, say, an earlier televangelist, Fulton Sheen, was). That breathy and winking chuckle we heard, debate after debate, did not constitute a last laugh by any means. But we are going to suffer that chuckle's soft abrasions for a long time—for as long as we remain deaf to the alarm bells it responds to.



Americans see their children transfixed before Technicolor celebrations of greed and lust



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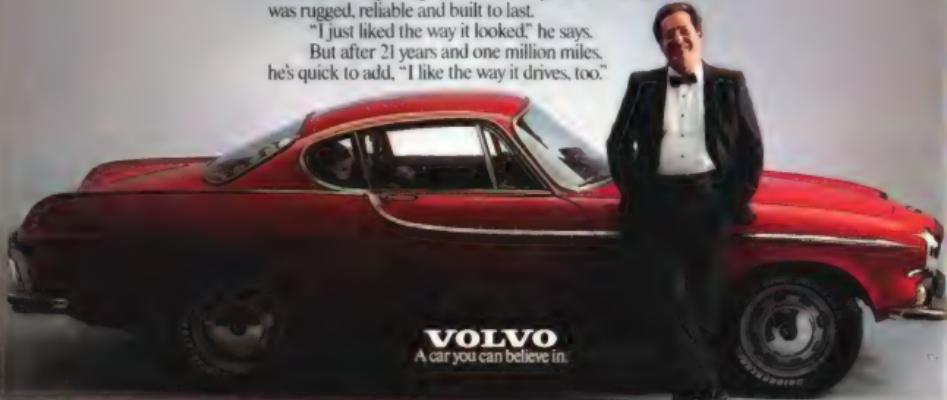
Recently, Irv Gordon of Patchogue, N.Y. drove his 1966 Volvo P1800 past the one million mile mark.

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VOLVO

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L.A. lawlessness: Washington, above; Toshima; and Westwood Village near the murder scene

The Price of Life in Los Angeles

Is one killing in Westwood worse than hundreds in the ghetto?

The glittering enclave of restaurants, shops and theaters in Westwood Village, on Los Angeles' affluent West Side, seems a world away from the mean streets of South Central Los Angeles, where gang warfare took more than 100 innocent lives last year. But the ghetto violence occasionally spills beyond its borders. Last month Karen Toshima, a 27-year-old graphic artist, was caught in the cross fire of rival drug gangs and died on the sidewalk outside a fancy restaurant. The Los Angeles establishment reacted with horror. Newspapers and television headlined the story for days. Police patrols in Westwood tripled, and the L.A.P.D. assigned a 30-member antiguang unit to capture Toshima's killer. City Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky, who represents Westwood and is a likely candidate for mayor, offered a \$25,000 reward for information.

Across town, ten days later, Alma Lee Washington was sitting in her wheelchair in the doorway of her rundown two-bedroom house in South Central Los Angeles when hoodlums driving by opened fire with a 45-cal handgun. Washington, 67, was killed by a bullet that struck her in the right eye. Yet her slaying got scant attention. Footage of the grieving family was not the top story on the evening news. The Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* buried her death in a small note. The Los Angeles *Times*, which had been splashing the Westwood shoot-out across the top of its metro section, treated the Washington killing as a short follow-on. Two officers were assigned to the case.

Death may be the great equalizer, but in Los Angeles some deaths are more equal than others. Black and Hispanic leaders angrily contrasted the uproar over Toshima's killing to the indifference about violence in their neighborhoods. "There is a deep feeling in the community

that the philosophy of the police department is to 'let them kill each other' in South Central L.A.," says State Assemblywoman Maxine Waters. "The black community has known for years that a problem is not a problem until it hits the white community."

"That's empty, inflammatory rhetoric," responds I.A.P.D. Spokesman William Booth. Westwood got its beefed-up patrols, authorities say, because of the many well-heeled shoppers and tourists drawn there. But South Central residents have watched in recent years as the predominantly white precincts of the city defeated two proposed property-tax increases to add to Los Angeles' understaffed police force. Los Angeles, with 3.3 million people, has an authorized police force of just 7,350 officers; Chicago, with a population of 3 million, has 12,500. In the wake of Karen Toshima's killing, the Los Angeles city council voted to hire an additional 150 officers, for which it now must find \$9.3 million a year.

Black leaders do not expect to see many extra police patrolling the beat in their districts. The I.A.P.D. has refused to make public how its forces are allotted. Councilwoman Gloria Molina claims that the department assigns police equally, whether the crime is the theft of a BMW in West Los Angeles or the killing of a black youngster in Watts. She has attached an amendment to the city budget to force Police Chief Daryl Gates to reveal his formula for deploying his forces.

Police have made arrests in both cases, but this is not likely to end the debate over life and death in Los Angeles. Not many of the 387 gang-related killings in Los Angeles County last year ended with a press conference announcing an arrest.

By Margaret B. Carlson

Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles

Nofziger's Turn

Another Reagan aide is guilty

The intent of the 1978 Ethics in Government Act is clear enough: to prohibit former federal officials from selling their influence with friends in Government. The law is not unduly restrictive. A would-be lobbyist must wait only one year after leaving the Government before contacting his old associates. Yet Congress wrote such ambiguous language into the law that until last week no one had ever been convicted of violating it.

The hapless precedent setter was Lyn Nofziger, 63, a one-time California newsman who served as Ronald Reagan's political director until January 1982. After a 16-day trial, a federal jury in Washington found Nofziger guilty of illegally contacting the White House for three clients of his "communications" firm. They were: New York City's scandal-plagued Wedtech Corp., which paid Nofziger's agency \$1 million to help secure an Army small-engine contract; Fairchild Republic Co., which paid his firm \$25,000 to promote continued federal funding of A-10 anti-tank aircraft; and the National Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association, a maritime union that retained him at \$90,000 a year to advocate the use of more civilian seamen on U.S. fleet support ships.

Nofziger's lawyers did not deny that on April 8, 1982, he wrote to Edwin Meese, then Counselor to the President, urging that Wedtech get the \$32 million Army contract. They conceded that Nofziger talked to National Security Council aides on Sept. 24, 1982, about the Fairchild planes and wrote to a Meese deputy on Aug. 20 of that year about the seaman jobs. But these overtures did not violate the Ethics Act, they argued, because the law prohibits lobbying only on matters of "direct and substantial interest" to the contacted agencies.

Federal District Judge Thomas Flannery noted that the law is "hardly a model of clarity." Even so, he instructed the jurors they did not have to find that the issue "was of major importance to the White House as compared to other matters" to conclude that the law had been violated. Under those instructions, the jury found Nofziger guilty on three of four counts.

Nofziger dismissed his crime as being "kind of like running a stop sign." However, it carries a possible prison sentence of six years. Ironically, another independent counsel, Whitney North Seymour, had viewed the Ethics Act as "riddled with loopholes." Instead of using it against Michael Deaver, another Reagan aide turned lobbyist, Seymour successfully prosecuted him in December for lying about his lobbying.



Convicted



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American Notes



MISSISSIPPI When those cotton weights are rotten...



WHITE HOUSE Turned on



NAVY The cruiser Yorktown in quieter waters

Navy

Black Sea Crash Course

Freedom of navigation, a principle the U.S. Navy fought to assert against Libya in the Gulf of Sidra in 1986, was at stake again last week in the Black Sea. Two U.S. warships, the destroyer *Caron* and the cruiser *Yorktown*, sailed about ten miles off the Crimean peninsula in the Soviet Union. The ships were warned that they were violating Soviet territorial waters and then were bumped, the *Caron* by a Soviet patrol craft and the *Yorktown* by a destroyer. Damage was slight, and there were no casualties.

The Soviets claim a twelve-mile territorial limit, while the U.S. asserts the so-called right of innocent passage, which permits ships to stay on course even when they cut across that limit. The Soviets might well question the term innocent, knowing that the *Caron* is packed with high-powered intelligence-gathering gear.

MISSISSIPPI

Snitch a Bale Of Cotton

Most inmates of the state penitentiary in Parchman, Miss., are run-of-the-mill, old-style cons. But a few may have

switched to high-tech crime, diverting prison products for profit. When a trailerload of cotton rolled out of the pen, its weight seemed in good order on the institution's computer records. Yet two weeks ago it was discovered that when the cotton arrived at a nearby gin, it was light by more than 90,000 lbs. The missing cotton, worth \$20,000, seems to have been shipped elsewhere.

Prison authorities are focusing their probe on an embezzler serving a 30-year term. The suspect, a clerk in the prison-industries program, has his own computer terminal. He is also suspected of participating in a scheme to doctor \$50,000 worth of money orders.

WHITE HOUSE

On Remote Control

Overcoming his actor's vanity, Ronald Reagan reluctantly started using a hearing aid in 1983 to correct an impairment suffered some 40 years earlier, when a pistol was fired close to his right ear during a filming session. To balance his hearing, the President later put a second device in his left ear. Last week Reagan, 77, began sporting new hearing aids that come with a half-inch-thick, credit-card-size remote control.

The tiny devices, which fit completely inside the Pres-

ident's ear canals, contain sophisticated circuitry that allows Reagan to control their volume and eliminate telephone feedback by pressing buttons on the remote unit. The \$1,900 mini-aids have an improved "noise suppression" feature that can filter out annoying background distractions like shouted questions from the press corps.

HOUSTON

Busting the Tac Squad

Houston's Southeast Tactical Response Unit personified zeal and derring-do: the nine police officers smashed crack houses and nabbed drug dealers, racking up 500 arrests in two years. But last week prosecutors moved to throw out more than 100 pending cases, as all nine officers stood suspended for allegedly falsifying records, planting evidence and lying in court to win convictions.

"They were the New Centurions all over again," said District Attorney John Holmes. "They were frustrated at all the legal rules, so they cut corners." A Harris County grand jury is probing the scandal, but prosecution of the narcotics officers may be difficult because so many of their targets were case-hardened criminals. Ironically, a few of the dealers bagged by the unit and now in prison may be eligible for pardons.

CIA

Ars Longa, Vita Brevis

The CIA is expanding its headquarters in Langley, Va., and, like many civic-minded builders, will dedicate one-half of 1% of its construction costs to works of art. Since ordinary taxpayers are not allowed into the intelligence agency's headquarters, none of them will ever see the CIA art. The amount of money involved is similarly secret, because that would reveal the extent of the construction plans. But the CIA wants to make sure that no bad choices are made. So it has asked the General Services Administration to select its art.

The ever careful GSA turned to the National Endowment for the Arts, and the NEA duly selected half a dozen candidates. As for what the CIA actually wanted of them, the agency proposed these specifications: "This art should reflect life in all its positive aspects (e.g., truth, justice, courage, liberty, etc.). It should engender feelings of well-being, hope, promise and such. It should not produce or reflect negative attitudes, political expressions, or feelings of futility. The art should respect sensitivities against sexual, sexist, race, ethnic or other related slurs.... It should be forceful in style and manner, and be breathtaking in its beauty."

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Have you driven a Ford... lately?



World

AFGHANISTAN

We Really Must Go

The Soviets hurry to bring Ivan home

Since the December summit between Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev, Moscow has been dropping ever more arresting hints of its readiness to bring home the 115,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan. Last week the man at the top flashed the clearest signal yet, and it sent peace hopes soaring. In a move clearly timed to capture a wide audience, a Soviet broadcaster interrupted a prime-time television showing of the 1958 film based on Mikhail Sholokhov's classic, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, to read an announcement from Gorbachev. There are "considerable chances," said the General Secretary's statement, that the next round of peace talks on Afghanistan "will become the final one."

Senior Soviet officials have said just that many times since 1982, when the Geneva talks began, but the champion of *glasnost* sounded as if he meant business. He leavened his remarks with modest but significant new concessions on the last major unresolved issue at the talks, a timetable for a Soviet withdrawal. He said Moscow would evacuate its troops over ten months, a time span tantalizingly

close to the eight months demanded by the West. Addressing a key U.S. concern, he said that a "relatively greater portion" of the forces could leave at the beginning of the period. If those gestures satisfied the other parties to the conflict, he said, Soviet tanks might start clanking homeward as soon as May 15—close to the date, not coincidentally, when Reagan is expected to arrive in Moscow for the next superpower summit.

Gorbachev's flourish did the trick. The next day Diego Cordovez, the United Nations mediator in the Afghan talks, announced that representatives from Pakistan and the Soviet-backed government in Afghanistan, the two formal parties to the talks, would sit down again in Geneva on March 2. Said the U.N. diplomat: "The gap [on the time span] has been closed to a point where I think a specific agreement at Geneva is clearly foreseeable." U.S. officials were also pleased. Said a senior Reagan official: "The move shows a boldness on the part of Gorbachev. If the Soviets withdraw, it will allow him to concentrate on *perestroika* [economic restructuring]."

For months it has been apparent that



Scene from the war: as the last obstacles to peace

Moscow wants to quit a war that has claimed as many as 30,000 Soviet and more than 1 million Afghan lives, and sent at least 3 million Afghans fleeing to Pakistan and Iran. But Gorbachev's unstated goal—strikingly similar to the Nixon Administration's declared policy in Viet Nam—seems to be two-pronged: not merely to pull out Soviet troops but also to prolong the life of the Soviet-installed government of Najibullah, also known as Najib, the former secret police chief who took power in 1986.

In the process, Gorbachev has thrown Washington, Pakistan and the rebel *mujahedin* off balance. "Gorbachev has taken the initiative," said a U.S. observer close to the Geneva talks. "If there is no peace agreement, people will blame us." The Reagan Administration seems unsure whether to trust Soviet intentions and the outcome of the Geneva talks. "Right now," said an Administration official, "there are loopholes big enough to drive a truck through."

Nonetheless, the Kremlin's willingness to deal at all reflects deep frustration with its eight-year misadventure in Afghanistan. In a recent poll of Muscovites by the Soviet Academy of Sciences and the French polling organization IPSOS, 53% of respondents favored total withdrawal. Even worse, Najib has failed to gain significant support despite launching a "national reconciliation" effort in which



Goodbye to all that? A Soviet soldier waves as his unit leaves Kunduz near the Soviet border. Gorbachev's unstated goal is strikingly similar to Richard Nixon's in Viet Nam.



begin to fall in Geneva, rebels in Nangarhar province fire a recoilless rifle during an attack on a government outpost

the burly leader disavowed Communism and offered bribes to win supporters. The war, meanwhile, is going disastrously for the Soviets. Says Alex Alexiev, a senior analyst at the Rand Corp. "They are at their wits' end."

Just after Gorbachev took office in 1985, the Soviets intensified the war and appeared to gain ground. Deadly Mi-24 helicopters and elite Spetsnaz commando units regularly ambushed rebel units and supply caravans with devastating effect: *mujahedin* casualties rose to all-time highs. Then the Reagan Administration began shipping Stingers, those compact but lethal antiaircraft missiles, to the guerrillas. Soon the air war turned around. By one conservative estimate, the Soviets last year alone lost 270 aircraft worth about \$2.2 billion.

Today the *mujahedin* have all but rid the skies of Mi-24s and MiG and Sukhoi jet fighter-bombers. Last week TIME's Robert Schultheis visited Jaji, an area in eastern Afghanistan where helicopter ambushes once forced the rebels to live like hunted hares. Resistance trucks now move through the area in daylight, and the guerrillas have built a rudimentary hospital.

"When we were weak," says Commander Anwar, a local leader, "the Soviets didn't want to talk at all. They are only talking now because we are strong."

Yet as Washington, Islamabad and the rebels are all learning, success in negotiations can prove as tricky as winning on the battlefield. In Washington there has been widespread confusion in recent weeks about when the U.S. would cut off aid to the resistance under a peace agreement. Some U.S. officials have said that the assistance would be gradually reduced as the Soviets pull out. But the U.S. has already agreed, through the Pakistani negotiators in the U.N.-sponsored Geneva talks, to cut off military aid (\$630 mil-

lion in 1987) at the point when the Soviets begin to withdraw. Fearing that the *mujahedin* may be left exposed to attack by the Soviets, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz declared last month that the Soviet withdrawal must be "front-end loaded," meaning that large numbers of troops must leave early on. Gorbachev appeared to accept that demand last week. But U.S. officials still fear that the Soviets might wait until the last minute to pull out 20,000 men in elite units that do most of the fighting.

Some U.S. analysts believe that Washington is going too easy on Moscow. The Geneva talks, which the U.S. endorses, do not cover key issues like continued Soviet military aid to the Kabul regime that leave the door open for Moscow to exercise considerable influence in Afghanistan after withdrawal. In fact, in talks with the Soviets, the State Department has appeared willing to make concessions—for instance, countenancing an Afghan-Soviet defense pact—so long as the Soviets remove their troops. "It is high time," says Analyst Alexiev, "for the Administration to realize that the only way to stop the bloodshed in Afghanistan is an unconditional Soviet withdrawal."

The issue most likely to undermine the Geneva talks is the question of who will sign the peace agreement for Afghanistan. Six weeks ago Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze announced that Moscow would accept any neutral Kabul regime, even without a Communist element, and Gorbachev last week claimed that who governs Afghanistan is "none of our business."

However that sounded, Gorbachev was by no means washing his hands of Najib. Said a Pentagon analyst: "It is somewhat naive to think that the Soviets will withdraw and leave a Communist regime to collapse." Sure enough, Moscow last week pressed Islamabad to drop its objection to dealing with Najib. To drive home that point, Yuli Vorontsov, First



How long for Najib?

Deputy Foreign Minister, visited Islamabad to deliver a vague threat. Said he: "Any delays in the signing of the accords from now on will not be of the Soviet Union's making. We don't know who will take that responsibility." Continued terrorist bombings in Pakistan, almost certainly the work of Kabul's agents, underscored Moscow's ire.

Pakistani President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, as Moscow fully realizes, is in a tight spot. Says Zain Noorani, Pakistan's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs: "We don't just want an agreement, we want an agreement that can be implemented." Specifically, Pakistan needs the cooperation of the seven-party *mujahedin* alliance to proceed with the peace agreement. Yet the guerrilla leadership will not accept an agreement with Najib. If Pakistan deals with him anyway, the results will probably be chaotic. The rebels would lose their arms pipeline—including the Stingers—and face a potent Soviet force for at least several months. Continued fighting would deter the more than 2 million Afghan refugees in Pakistan from returning home. Skeptics like Yossef Bodansky, an analyst of Soviet military affairs, believe that Moscow relishes such a scenario: it would leave the resistance weakened, Pakistan divided by the refugees' presence and Najib, with Soviet help, in power.

The resistance leadership, based mostly in the Pakistani city of Peshawar, is not much help to its hosts. Islamabad is leaning heavily on the seven resistance leaders to propose, as an alternative to Najib's regime, a transitional government acceptable to Moscow and Kabul. "Zia is telling us not to be so stubborn," said one of the seven. Last week they agreed that a new government would open to "good Muslims," but the proposal appeared too vague to have any practical value for Islamabad.

One reason for the lack of progress is that after so much sacrifice, the *mujahedin* simply do not want to do business with Najib. Says Mohammed Nuristani, a rebel fighter: "How can we sit down with a man who has killed so many of our friends?" Another reason is the rivalry among rebel leaders. They range from religious zealots like Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, a leader of Hezb-e-Islami (Gulbuddin), who want to erect a theocratic state, to Muslim moderates like Pir Gailani who favor the traditional Afghan way of life.

So far, the leaders have succeeded in sticking together. All sides are reportedly stockpiling weapons inside Afghanistan. Should arms supplies be cut or the alliance fall apart on the road to Kabul. Meanwhile, Gulbuddin forces are widely accused of attacking other *mujahedin* units. The guerrilla leaders, says an Afghan who deals with them, "are trying to transform themselves from a military alliance to a political alliance. It is very difficult." Moscow is not about to allow them much time for that transition, either. —By Edward W. Desmond

Reported by Ross H. Munro/Islamabad and Nancy

Traver/Washington

AUSTRIA

"I Wanted to Survive"

Despite a damning report, Waldheim vows to stay in office

For nearly two years questions have swirled around Kurt Waldheim and his World War II service with German army units that committed atrocities in Greece and Yugoslavia. Last week an international panel of historians delivered its report on the Austrian President's conduct as a Wehrmacht lieutenant from 1942 to 1945. While the government-commissioned study found no proof that Waldheim, 69, had committed war crimes, it said he was "excellently informed" about such acts and made no attempt to stop them. Waldheim had concealed his war record, it added, "until that was no longer possible" and even then made "un-

passing moral judgments. The Cabinet finally issued a bland statement noting that Panel Chairman Hans-Rudolf Kurz, a Swiss military historian, acknowledged that his group had found "no personal guilty behavior nor participation in war crimes" on Waldheim's part.

The report was nonetheless filled with damning language. Lieut. Waldheim, it found, was "much more than just a second-rate administration officer" and must have known of such atrocities as the deportation of 60,000 Greek Jews to Nazi concentration camps. While the panel conceded that Waldheim "had only extremely modest possibilities for resisting



Waiting to greet a dignitary; he treated the findings as an exoneration

trustworthy" remarks before the panel.

The 202-page document plunged Austria's fragile coalition government into crisis. Amid renewed calls for the President's resignation, the pro-Waldheim People's Party reportedly met with Chancellor Franz Vranitzky's Socialists to discuss how to get Waldheim to step down. Karl Gruber, a former Foreign Minister and longtime Waldheim friend, ignited a fire storm of criticism by charging that the six-member historians' panel was filled with Waldheim's "enemies." He said one member was a Socialist "and the others are of Jewish descent." Vranitzky immediately sent apologetic telegrams to the commission, and a People's Party official called Gruber's remarks "catastrophic."

Waldheim, meanwhile, showed no sign of quitting. Bolstered by polls showing that most Austrians want him to stay in office, Waldheim privately threatened to dissolve the government—one of his few real powers—unless it rejected the document. The Socialists refused the demand, but Vice Chancellor Alois Mock, leader of the People's Party, charged that the panel had overstepped its mandate by

the injustice," it said other German officers had disobeyed illegal orders. Conclusion: "The commission cannot accept Waldheim's excuse that he was unconditionally bound to do his military duty."

Waldheim publicly treated the report as an exoneration. The gist of the study, said he, "is that I cannot be accused of personal involvement in atrocities." With rare candor, Waldheim plaintively told the Vienna daily *Die Presse*, "Yes, I admit, I wanted to survive" by following orders. He added: "I have the deepest respect for all those who resisted. But I ask understanding for all the hundreds of thousands who didn't do that, but nonetheless did not become personally guilty."

The Austrian President did win a victory of sorts last week when the official Yugoslav news agency Tanjug reported that a 1942 telegram that allegedly dispatched Yugoslav civilians to transit camps on Waldheim's orders was a likely forgery. But that must have been cold comfort to Waldheim, who has found that while he can try to forget his past, others will not.

—By John Greenwald

Reported by Garbraud Lessing/Vienna

PANAMA

Noriega's Money Machine

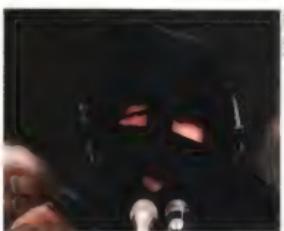
His former aides tell of corruption on a grand scale

For two days he sat bent toward a microphone under glaring television lights, a small man with gray hair and rimless glasses who could pass for an apothecary. In fact, Jose I. Blandón had been chief political adviser to one of the most corrupt dictators in Latin America. General Manuel Antonio Noriega of Panama. Testifying before a Senate investigative subcommittee last week, Blandón said Noriega and his henchmen had turned Panama into a "criminal empire," a "gigantic machine" that generated hundreds of millions of dollars through drug trafficking, money laundering and gunrunning.

Blandón's disclosures came just days after U.S. grand juries in Tampa and Miami indicted Noriega for conspiring with drug dealers to ship more than 4,000 lbs. of cocaine and more than 1 million lbs. of marijuanna to the U.S. through Panama. Noriega, head of the Panama Defense Forces and de facto ruler of the country since 1983, is charged with accepting more than \$4.6 million in bribes, most of it from the so-called Medellín cartel of powerful narcotics lords, who are based in Colombia's second largest city.

But the bribes are just the tip of a huge iceberg. Not since the waning days of Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos has a national leader been accused of corruption on such an enormous scale. Before the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications, Blandón alleged that Noriega turned many of Panama's public institutions—the customs and passport offices, the railroad, the airports—into a huge kickback scheme. Among the beneficiaries: scores of army officers, top government officials and, above all, Noriega. By Blandón's account, Noriega is the richest man in Panama, with a dozen houses, a fleet of automobiles and net assets of between \$200 million and \$600 million. "Panama is not in the hands of its political leaders," Blandón said. "It is in the hands of drug traffickers."

Blandón, who was guarded in the hearing room by a squad of U.S. marshals, was placed under federal protection after Noriega dismissed him last month as Panama's consul general in New York. Two weeks ago he testified before the Miami grand jury. Last week he poured out such a flood of allegations—many of which were unsupported by documentary evidence—that Subcommittee Chairman John Kerry, a Massachusetts Democrat, had to ask him to slow down.



Pilot Carlton, Incognito, tells his story
His boss laughed and demanded \$100,000.

The Senators were particularly interested in Blandón's disclosures concerning the relationship Noriega has had with U.S. intelligence officials. Blandón alleged, for instance, that the CIA had supplied Noriega with classified information on his chief Senate critics, including Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. In Kennedy's case, the reports included the Senator's "personal problems," Blandón claimed.

A CIA spokesman said the agency "categorically denies" Blandón's accusa-

tion. But Senator Alfonse D'Amato of New York, one of Noriega's bluntest antagonists, said he found Blandón's charges eminently credible. "The fact is," he said, "that Noriega—this thug and racketeer—has been on the payroll of the CIA for many years and remained there. I understand, until rather recently."

Blandón dropped another bombshell when he alleged that just before the 1983 U.S. invasion of Grenada, Noriega received a telephone call from Vice President George Bush, who asked him to warn Cuban Leader Fidel Castro not to interfere with the operation. Noriega has long been friendly with the Cuban dictator and has been accused of giving him U.S. intelligence data. Of Blandón's assertion, Bush said, "Hogwash."

Blandón outlined a series of deals and double-deals involving Central American conflicts. In 1985, he said, Noriega met twice in Panama City with Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, a principal figure in the Iran-contra affair. North asked Noriega, Blandón said, to train *contra* rebels in Panama at a time when the U.S. was forbidden by law to do so. Noriega agreed, Blandón said, though he was at the same time selling arms to Marxist insurgents in El Salvador. North could not be reached for comment.

With the entire 16,000-man Panama Defense Forces at his disposal, Noriega showed little fear of the violent Colombian cocaine barons. His former private pilot Floyd Carlton, who showed up in the hearing room wearing a black hood, told the subcommittee that when the Medellín cartel offered Noriega \$30,000 to protect drug flights, the general laughed and asked if they thought he was begging. Carlton said Noriega then demanded, and got, \$100,000 in advance for the first flight, \$150,000 for the second and \$200,000 for the third.

Some of last week's most chilling testimony came from Ramón Milian Rodríguez, who described himself as the former chief financier for the drug cartel. The slim, Cuban-born accountant told how he laundered as much as \$200 million a month through Panamanian and overseas banks. A fervent anti-Communist, he said he siphoned funds—TIME has learned the amount was in the millions—into secret accounts set up for the Nicaraguan *contras*. Administration officials have denied knowledge of any such transaction.

For Noriega's role in protecting the money shipments, Rodríguez claimed, the Panamanian general received about \$10 million a month from the cartel. "I paid him—in ball-park figures—between \$320 million and \$350 million from 1979 to 1983," Rodríguez testified. In exchange, he main-



Machete in hand, the general samples his birthday cake

World

tained, he was given not only the run of Panama's airports and banking system but also the identities of U.S. drug agents and the schedules of U.S. Coast Guard and Navy drug-surveillance vessels. Rodriguez, 36, is now serving 43 years in prison.

Between them, Blandón and Rodriguez detailed a drug-trafficking operation that has spread corruption throughout Central and South America. The latest victim is Honduras, where top army officials are said to have developed close ties with drug dealers. The U.S. fears that the drug lords will undermine Honduras' status as a staging area for the *contra* war and a future

democratic bulwark against Sandinista expansion.

Back in Panama, a defiant Noriega, who celebrated his 50th birthday last week, responded to the mushrooming charges against him with some old-fashioned Yanqui bashing. To the cheers of peasant supporters, he said his struggle with the U.S. was a battle for "national liberation." He suggested that the U.S. Southern Command, which maintains 10,000 troops in Panama, be sent packing. As for Blandón, Noriega dismissed him as a "Benedict Arnold" and a "paranoid."

While Noriega seems firmly entrenched for the moment, the hope among U.S. officials is that his fellow military of-

ficers will eventually find him a liability. Nervous investors are said to have withdrawn hundreds of millions from Panamanian banks in recent months, weakening an economy already mired in debt. On March 1, the U.S. State Department is expected to certify that Panama has not done enough in the fight against drugs, a finding that will make the country ineligible for a range of trade and economic privileges. "At some point," says an Administration official, "those in Panama with the ability to change things are going to have to ask themselves if Noriega is worth the price." —By Michael S. Serrill.

Reported by Jonathan Beatty and Ricardo Chavira/Washington

MIDDLE EAST

Neighbor Against Neighbor

Jewish settlers join the battle against the Palestinians

The Jewish settlement of Kedumim is only about a mile away from the Arab hamlet of Kafr Qaddum in the West Bank. Until now the residents of both rural villages lived and let live. Last week the Palestinian turmoil that has engulfed Israel and the occupied territories came even to this remote spot. As 15 or so Palestinian youths manned a rock barricade across the road leading to Kafr Qaddum, a familiar blue Volkswagen van braked to a halt. Inside were two well-known settlers from Kedumim: Shimon Kav, 41, and Yosef Ferber, 48. The Arab youths say they told the driver to go away. The settlers say they were pelted with stones, and in self-defense Kav sprayed bullets from an Uzi submachine gun. Abdul Basset Mahmoud Abdullah, 27, was killed instantly, and a second Arab was wounded.

The uprising entered its third month last week, with eleven more Palestinian deaths, more curfews, more burning tires and even a torched Israeli bus that was set afire by Arab rioters near the West Bank city of Hebron. But the episode in Kafr Qaddum underscored a new, worrisome development: the growing militancy among the 65,000 Jews who live in the land that they call Judea and Samaria but that is better known as the occupied West Bank. Touring Hebron last week, Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin denounced the settlers' actions as "destructive." Said Major General Amram Mitzna, regional commander for the West Bank: "This is a job for the army. If there are any people who don't think so, I say that taking the law into your own hands is very, very dangerous."

Two weeks ago militant Jews who live near Hebron and Ofra decided to strike



Burned out: the remains of an Israeli bus set afire near Hebron
Responding to Arab defiance with vigilante patrols.

back at the rioters. Settlers have raided Arab towns, vandalizing cars and houses. Armed with Uzis, pistols and billy clubs, ultrafanatic inhabitants of Kiryat Arba, home of Meir Kahane's extremist Kach movement, pile into cars and vans every day to patrol the roads leading to Hebron and Nablus. They claim that their purpose is to "supplement" the Israeli army; their real intent seems to be provocation and revenge. "The Palestinians are not afraid of the soldiers," insists Shmuel Ben-Yishai, a spokesman for the Kiryat Arba residents. "But they are afraid of us." Ben-Yishai, who directs his troop of nearly 100 gun-toting activists by walkie-talkie, rejects army demands that he stop. "The majority of the generals are small politicians," he scoffs. "Our sickness is trying to look good to the world."

Not all the settlers agree with Ben-Yishai. For the 30 Jewish families in tiny Dolev, near Ramallah, the Palestinian violence has meant that school buses must be escorted by the military and that most residents strap on a pistol before stepping into their cars. But when some residents

of Dolev advocated fighting back, the majority opted to let the army protect them.

To the settlers, the uprising in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip is a test of their will to survive and rule. Yet the very

presence of the settlers symbolizes a basic national dilemma: For years this small but fervent group—representing only 2% of the country's total Jewish population—has exercised an outside influence on Israeli politics. Even many Israelis who question the settlers' tactics agree with them that the barren hilltops of ancient Judea and Samaria belong to Israel and should be kept forever.

That view is shared by Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who two weeks ago responded coolly to a U.S. proposal for indirect talks with the Palestinians leading to local elections and then negotiations on the permanent status of the occupied territories. Foreign

Minister Shimon Peres said he had "no substantive reservations" about the U.S. plan. Last week, after refusing to meet U.S. Special Envoy Richard Murphy jointly with Peres, Shamir said he might back limited "interim" autonomy for the Palestinians and asked Washington for "clarifications." But he widened his rift with Peres by accusing him of leaking details of their talks and "sabotaging" his peace efforts.

After two days of inconclusive talks, Murphy nonetheless declared himself "encouraged" by Arab and Israeli "enthusiasm" for his efforts. The State Department then announced that Secretary of State George Shultz would visit the area later this month in an effort to promote the Middle East peace process.

But in the end it is the Israelis themselves who must come to terms with what the settlers represent: an insistence on keeping every inch of the land that 1.4 million Palestinians also claim. Until the nation as a whole faces that dilemma, the turmoil is likely to go on. —By Johanna McGahey/
Jerusalem

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FRANCE

The Tortoise vs. The Hare

But beware of the fox

In a rare moment of whimsy, former French Premier Raymond Barre has compared this year's presidential race to the La Fontaine fable in which a fast-starting hare loses a race to a tortoise by making the fatal mistake of stopping for a nap. "Allow me," Barre added waggishly, "to be the tortoise." Ever since, cartoonists have relished drawing Barre with a turtle shell around his ample midsection and planting rabbit ears on his opponent for the center-right nomination, Premier Jacques Chirac. Last week, after waiting in true-to-tortoise form for 23 days after Chirac announced his candidacy, Barre, 63, threw his shell into the race. Said he: "It is time to make a fresh start."

The scripting by La Fontaine, however, may end there. For one thing, the hyperkinetic Chirac, 55, rarely stops for breath on the campaign trail, much less a nap. Even before Barre's low-key announcement in Lyons, the Premier held the first of 30 whoop-filled, multimedia rallies that he has scheduled around France before the first round of voting on April 24. Besides, La Fontaine did not have to contend, as France must, with a third entrant in the race, namely incumbent President François Mitterrand, 71. He is not scheduled to announce a decision on whether to seek a second term in the Elysée Palace until early March. But most political observers expect the Socialist President to join the race. Current polls see him finishing first among the three major candidates in April and very likely defeating either Chirac or Barre in the May 8 runoff election.

This year's election depends less on ideological commitment and more on the unpredictable dynamics of personality than any contest since Charles de Gaulle founded the Fifth Republic three decades ago. Past races, including the



Chirac plays for whoops at a Paris rally

"Who could claim to have done better?"

last one, which brought Mitterrand to office in 1981, pitted left and right against each other in a sharply confrontational style. By contrast, this year's campaign finds a remarkable consensus, with all three major candidates advocating a middle-of-the-road economic course and continuation of France's pro-Western defense and foreign policies. To those who relish political ferment, the result lacks fizz. Wrote André Fontaine, editor of the daily *Le Monde*: "The French are getting ready for the most prosaic ... election that could be."

But even orderly French political dramas are not dull, and for the moment, with Mitterrand playing coy, the action is on the right. Barre, an economist, has been grooming for the Elysée ever since stepping down as Premier following the Socialist victory of 1981. Stolid and professional, he has lately sought to warm up his public image by touring factories and having supporters distribute hundreds of cards showing a candy bar labeled BARRE to sweeten interest in his candidacy. Barre enjoys the support of most members of the Union for French Democracy, a loose co-

alition of center-right parties, but he prides himself on remaining above the partisan fray. He delivers his message, primarily the need for France to improve its economic competitiveness, in a dry, pedagogic style, yet always with overtones of fatherly reassurance. His campaign slogan is a simple "Trust Barre."

Chirac, by contrast, is such a dynamo that his handlers have tried to tone down his hard-charging image with a poster bearing the slogan COURAGE—THAT'S CHIRAC and showing an ostensibly relaxed Premier dressed in a V-neck sweater. Moreover, he commands the formidable political machinery of the neo-Gaullist Rally for the Republic Party, which expects to spend \$25 million on the campaign. Chirac is running on his record as Premier for the past two years, claiming that his government has cut unemployment rolls by 130,000, boosted economic output by 3.5% and won its war on terrorism. Asks Chirac: "Who could claim to have done better in so short a time?"

Chirac's status as a center-right Premier under a leftist head of state, an arrangement known in France as *cohabitation*, was a controversial first-time



Barre declares his candidacy in Lyons

experiment. Barre had opposed it as a "trap," and never fails to include the period of Chirac's premiership when he lists France's alleged economic ills. On balance, however, Chirac probably comes out ahead on the issue. *Cohabitation* has proved popular with most voters. Moreover, Chirac's position allows him to accompany Mitterrand to such highly public occasions as last month's Anglo-French summit meeting in London.

For all that, Chirac's popularity rating rarely surpasses Barre's and often trails it; a poll for the Paris daily *Libération* released last week, for example, indicated that Mitterrand was the first choice of 48% of the electorate, vs. 22% for Barre and 20.5% for Chirac. More important, Barre consistently scores higher than Chirac against Mitterrand alone (though he still comes in second), supporting the former Premier's oft-voiced claim that he offers the center-right its best chance of winning the climactic second round. Still, if Mitterrand enters the race, the La Fontaine fable will have to be rewritten. How would a tortoise and a hare fare against a fox? —By William R. Doerner, Reported by Jordan Bonfante and Adam Zagoria/Paris



Though coy for the moment, Mitterrand is widely expected to join the fray

World Notes



BRAZIL Pre-Lenten mudslides devastate Petrópolis



SOUTH AFRICA Imported troops guard captured rebels

BRAZIL

Carnival of Mourning

February is usually carnival time in Petrópolis, a mountain resort near Rio de Janeiro. But two weeks of storms washed away this year's pre-Lenten samba parade and general merrymaking. More than 20 in. of rain pelted Petrópolis (pop. 250,000) and other cities, triggering floods and landslides that buried whole neighborhoods in tons of mud. By last week the devastation had left more than 200 people dead and 600 injured. But at least 17 people, some buried for 48 hours, were saved when civil defense teams pumped oxygen through tubes pushed into the mud.

SOUTH KOREA

Easy Kim, Easy Go

But for a feud between opposition leaders, Kim Young Sam, 60, might have become President of South Korea. Though Kim and his longtime rival, Kim Dae Jung, 62, together drew 55% of the votes in December's presidential election. Government Candidate Roh Tae Woo, 55, was able to win with just 37% of the total. Kim Young Sam showed his contribution last week by stepping down as head of the Reunifica-

tion Democratic Party, the main opposition group. He said the move was aimed at promoting unity among anti-government forces in National Assembly elections, which have been scheduled for this spring. Kim Dae Jung, for his part, has installed a system of collective leadership for his Party for Peace and Democracy, but he vowed not to step aside until after the legislative ballot.

SOUTH AFRICA

Stopping a Coup in Bop

Since raising its flag in 1977, Bophuthatswana (pop. 1.7 million) has always been considered the most viable of the four "independent" black homelands set up by South Africa. Bop, as the homeland is sensibly known, derives substantial revenues from platinum mining and the gambling resort of Sun City. But Bop—and Pretoria's self-denounced homeland policy in general—suffered an embarrassing setback last week, when a coup briefly toppled the government.

The drama began as rebellious soldiers seized President Lucas Mangope, 60, from his bed and took him, still in his shorty pajamas, to a soccer stadium. Claiming the government was corrupt, the kidnappers threatened to douse Mangope with gasoline and set him ablaze. Within 14

hours, several hundred South African troops rescued Mangope and restored him to office.

NICARAGUA

Cradle of Insurrection

Monimbo, an Indian quarter in the city of Masaya, has a special place in Sandinista mythology. It was there in 1978 that residents launched the first urban insurrection against President Anastasio Somoza, sparking the revolution that toppled the dictator and put the Sandinistas in power. Ever since, official speeches have resounded with accolades to "heroic Monimbo." Last week Monimbo was up in arms again, only this time the target was the Sandinista regime.

The trouble began when soldiers rounded up several dozen youths accused of evading the military draft. Some 20 protesters, mostly relatives of the young men taken into custody, surged through the streets chanting "Join us." The mob swelled to about 1,000, stoned a police station and torched several government-owned vehicles. To quell the disturbances, Interior Minister Tomas Borge personally led a force of paramilitary units from the capital of Managua. Authorities detained 16 anti-government activists.

SOVIET UNION

For This You Need a Ph.D.?

Interrupting his work on a master's degree at the University of North Dakota, Danny Knopfle, 24, took a job one mile from the Kremlin hauling garbage. Sara Fenander, 24, became a Moscow nanny after earning a master's degree at Stanford University. They and dozens of other young Americans whose studies focused on the Soviet Union have accepted maintenance jobs in Moscow at the U.S. embassy and its diplomatic residences.

After the Soviet government withdrew the mission's 260 Soviet employees 16 months ago to protest the expulsion of its diplomats from Washington, the State Department hired a private U.S. contractor to fill the vacancies. When the firm had trouble finding Russian-speaking American maintenance workers, it hit upon the idea of sending over budding Kremlinologists.

American diplomats no longer need worry whether nanny is a spy. The graduates, paid a starting salary of about \$1,300 a month, improve their Russian and learn about the Soviet Union. Says Nancy Carney, 22, a Tufts University graduate, during a break from scrubbing floors at Ambassador Jack Matlock's residence: "I'm having a ball."

Economy & Business

Merck's Medicine Man

How Roy Vagelos turned the drugmaker into America's most admired firm

Most boys find their idols at political rallies, baseball stadiums or concert halls. When Pindaros Roy Vagelos was a teenager, he found his heroes at a luncheonette. In the late 1940s, he mixed malted and cleaned counters after school at Estelle's, the diner that his Greek immigrant family owned in Rahway, N.J. The town was, and still is, home to the laboratories of Merck, the giant pharmaceutical firm, and at lunchtime the company's research scientists often wandered into Estelle's, six blocks away. There Vagelos eavesdropped as the men who made Merck's miracle medicines talked about their work in the lab churning out such wondrous substances as penicillin and vitamin B-12. "They seemed to be leading a very exciting life," he would later recall.

Vagelos, 58, decided to make that life his own, and he succeeded beyond his greatest expectations. A local boy who made really good, he traded his apron for a doctor's smock at medical school, eventually joined Merck and by 1986 had become the company's chairman, president and chief executive officer. Under the spell of Vagelos' visionary vigor, the company has recovered from a tepid performance in the early 1980s to become the world's No. 1 prescription drugmaker. Though many Americans probably could not name a single Merck product, especially since its Sore-throat lozenge and Calgon bubble-bath brands were sold in 1977, physicians and pharmacists are very familiar with the company's 100 drugs, from antibiotics to anticholesterol pills. Merck's sales surged by 23% in 1987, to a record \$5.1 billion, as profits ballooned by 34%, to \$906.4 million.

While many U.S. companies grumble that they cannot compete in the tough global environment, Merck pulls in more than half its sales from overseas customers. At a time when much of corporate America is focused on the next quarter's bottom line, Merck plows a higher chunk of its revenues into research and development (11%) than any rival drug company. Right now it has 50 new medicines in the works. And while other corporate chieftains spend much of their time prowling for acquisitions, Vagelos prefers to

look inward, spurring the research effort, boosting productivity and instilling a keenly competitive spirit.

A giant white banner in Merck's campus-like Rahway headquarters reminds visitors that they have arrived at AMERICA'S MOST ADMIRABLE COMPANY, an accolade given the firm by a FORTUNE magazine survey in January. But Vagelos finds such praise unsettling. Says he: "You'll die if you sit on your laurels."

That is especially true in the risky, cut-throat pharmaceutical business, where the typical product costs about \$125 million to bring from the laboratory to the pharmacy shelf. Although drug patents can last up to 22 years, firms must test a product for several years after a patent filing to win approval from the Food and Drug Administration. That gives competitors, who have access to the filing, time to tinker with a patented compound and make it different enough to qualify as a new drug. Growing, too, are the ranks of generic-drug producers who do little or no research and sell copies of older drugs at deep discounts. Their share of the \$28.3 billion-a-year U.S.

market for prescription drugs is likely to double by 1990, from \$1 billion in 1987. Name-brand drugmakers like Merck must produce or perish.

Vagelos operates on the theory that one should succeed in business without really lying. In a field where inflated claims by sales representatives are notorious, he bars his 5,000 "detail men," as drug-industry salespeople are known, from making claims they cannot substantiate with scientific data. He also does not allow them to bad-mouth other companies' cheaper generic drugs.

Merck's drugs speak for themselves. An astounding 13 each rang up more than \$100 million in 1987 sales, well ahead of Britain's Glaxo Holdings, which has five products in that rarefied range. Among Merck's best sellers are Vasotec, a blood pressure-lowering drug; the antibiotics Primaxin and Noroxin; Pepcid, used to treat peptic ulcers; the anti-inflammatories Clinoril and Indocin; an antiglaucoma agent named Timoptic; and the hepatitis fighter Recombivax HB, the first genetically engineered vaccine licensed for human use.

Perhaps the most wondrous of Merck's wonder drugs is its newest, a substance called lovastatin that lowers cholesterol levels in the body by up to 40% and is marketed under the brand name Mevacor. Its development illustrates how Merck achieves breakthroughs via a combination of dogged lab work, close cooperation with FDA officials and a painstaking preoccupation with the safety of potential patients.

Mevacor was no overnight phenomenon. In 1956 a team of Merck scientists discovered mevalonic acid, a crucial chemical in series of reactions that produce cholesterol. It was not until 1979, four years after Vagelos left his teaching post at Washington University in St. Louis to join Merck Labs as a high-ranking executive, that the company used new lab techniques he had suggested to build on that 23-year-old discovery and isolate lovastatin, which could inhibit the production of mevalonic acid and block the buildup of cholesterol. Merck spent eight years assessing lovastatin's safety. By November 1986, when Merck sought FDA approval for what was then known as MK-803, agency officials were al-



The chairman is persuasive without being abrasive

"You'll die if you sit on your laurels," he says.



Technicians in the Rahway, N.J., laboratories sift for breakthroughs



A single tablet of Mevacor, an anticholesterol agent, costs \$1.64

ready familiar with the details, because the company had kept them informed of the drug's progress every step of the way. FDA approval last August came after just nine months of review, instead of the usual 30 months.

For all its potential, Mevacor faces stiff competition. Lopid, a similar drug introduced in 1982 by Parke-Davis, had about 40% of the \$190 million anticholesterol business when Mevacor appeared on druggists' shelves in September. Mevacor quickly grabbed a 33% share, trimming Lopid's to 20%. Then, in November, Parke-Davis came out with a study quantifying how Lopid dramatically cuts the risk of coronary heart disease. Lacking his own data, Vagelos refused to make similar assertions. By January the two drugs were running about even in sales.

Analysts suggest, however, that once Merck has its own study in hand, the company's reputation could push Mevacor back in front, generating more than \$1 billion in annual sales by 1992.

One undeniable drawback to Mevacor, at least from the patient's standpoint, is its high price. A single 20-mg pill goes for \$1.64, and a year's treatment can cost up to \$3,000. Says Congressman Henry Waxman, a California Democrat who chairs the House Health and Environment Subcommittee: "Merck, like other big-drug companies, has been raising prices dramatically and has introduced new drugs at shockingly high prices." Even drugs whose patents have long expired remain expensive. A bottle of 60 25-mg tablets of Merck's arthritis-fighting Indocin sells in New York City for \$28, vs. \$12 for an equivalent generic brand.

For their part, Merck and other drugmakers say high prices generate the revenue needed for research, testing and development of new products. Much of that revenue, however, goes into heavy advertising and promotion aimed at getting doctors to remember the big companies' brand names at the expense of generics from smaller firms. Even Merck, which is heavily research oriented, spends more on advertising and promotion (an estimated \$670 million last year) than it does on lab work (\$560 million).

Yet behind all the puffery are genuine breakthroughs. When Vagelos joined Merck, the company was slogging through a slump in its product development. But he helped start a huge campaign that brought on board hundreds of new research scientists. That talent hunt continues to this day. As chief executive, Vagelos makes surprise visits to his divisions, asking managers, "Whom have you recruited recently? How are they coming along?" Another hallmark of the Vagelos style: a penchant for promoting promising employees several rungs at a time, building creative tension in the ranks.

Vagelos proves that corporate leaders can be straight shooters who are persuasive without being abrasive. To be sure,

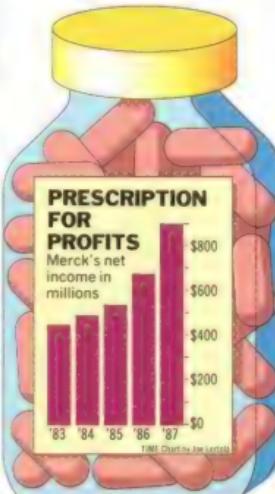
the trim, five-mile-a-day jogger, one of the few chief executives in the drug business with an M.D. degree (and a mere two weeks of business education from a Harvard seminar), is a demanding boss. "When the phone rings on a Sunday morning, you know it's Vagelos," says Edward Scolnick, president of Merck Labs. But the chairman also wins high marks for staying in touch with his staff. He keeps his spartan office open to any of his 32,000 employees with a complaint or a suggestion, and lunches in the company cafeteria, as do his top executives. The company supports a day-care center for employees' children, lets many workers choose their hours and regularly assigns senior managers to awareness-training courses to help them understand subordinates' family-related needs.

These days Vagelos is pushing his researchers to come up with the next generation of wonder drugs. In the testing stages: another cholesterol-lowering drug that could prove more potent and longer lasting than Mevacor; an anti-ulcer medication that has shown a high degree of effectiveness; MK-538, a drug that holds promise of aiding diabetes sufferers. Merck will soon launch large-scale clinical trials for MK-906, which in preliminary tests shrank swollen prostate glands without bad side effects, alleviating a problem that vexes millions of men over 40. Other teams are studying cures for cataracts, arthritis, cancer and AIDS. But so are Merck's rivals. London-based Burroughs Wellcome last week won, as expected, the U.S. patent on use of the drug AZT against AIDS, thus giving the company an early lead in that market.

Such competition keeps Vagelos from becoming complacent. "I tend to discount immediately what we have accomplished," he says. "Once you know you have a drug or it is coming along, you really want to get on with the next thing. After all, what's more exciting than trying to do something that's never been done before?" The question is one that Vagelos never stops asking.

—By Gordon Bock

Reported by Raji Sanghamurthy/Rahway



Economy & Business



The construction boom includes River City 21, a residential complex of 2,500 apartments

From Standstill to Flank Speed

Hamstrung by a high yen 18 months ago, Japan is soaring again

At Elm Industry, a factory situated in a grim industrial district of Tokyo, a startling transformation has taken place. The rhythmic clanging of the drill presses is gone, replaced by pulsing songs like the Supremes' *Stop! in the Name of Love*. Where women in green coveralls once toiled on an assembly line, homemakers in pink and black leotards now bend and stretch in an exercise class. Like thousands of other Japanese companies, Elm Industry, a manufacturer of office supplies, is showing a remarkable ability to adapt to the country's biggest challenge in years: *en-daka*, the strong yen. When *en-daka* began eroding the profits on Elm In-

dustry's export sales, the company moved its assembly lines from the Tokyo site to a lower-cost region of Japan. Then it converted the old factory into a multilevel fitness club, complete with pool and 14 Nautilus machines. "*Endaka* caused severe problems," says Shintaro Tanigami, company president. But now "our outlook is bright."

Only about 18 months ago, Japan's economy was at a standstill. The strong yen, which has doubled in value against the dollar from 1985 to 1988, was paralyzing the country's export business by making its goods too expensive and less profitable in the global marketplace. But Japan

reached a national consensus to make drastic changes that ranged from corporate streamlining to a consumer shopping spree. The remedies promptly took hold, giving Japan a growth rate of more than 4% during 1987. "The Japanese economy is showing a very robust upturn, and we can expect this to continue," says Takeshi Ohia, deputy governor of Japan's central bank.

Though U.S.-Japanese trade tension flared up last week in a dispute over whale hunting, Japan's economic recovery is likely to benefit America as well. Japan's new method for stimulating its economy—by relying more on domestic consumption and less on export sales—has reduced the country's need to sell an ever expanding volume of goods abroad. At the same time, the resurgent Japan will be in a position to buy more Western-made products. In fact, the Commerce Department said last week that an increase in American exports narrowed the overall U.S. trade deficit to \$12.2 billion in December, compared with \$13.2 billion for the previous month. While the U.S. trade deficit with Japan remained stuck at about \$4.8 billion in December, the gap has been closing.

Japan's rebound was hard work. The country's corporations restored profits by cutting costs and shifting some production overseas to plants in lower-wage countries. During one six-month period last year, Nissan managed to trim its operating expenses by \$657 million. Nissan's executives, but not its factory workers, took cuts in salary and bonuses. Result: after suffering a \$123 million April-through-September loss in 1986, Nissan posted a \$163 million profit for the same period in 1987.

To avoid the high relative cost of

Let Them Eat Beef

Starting in January, Japan joined an international moratorium on all commercial whaling. But last week a small Japanese expedition began killing minke whales off the coast of Antarctica. The goal: a catch of 300 whales. U.S. Commerce Secretary William Verity immediately declared Japan in violation of its agreement to observe the moratorium. Under U.S. law, Verity may recommend that President Reagan impose trade sanctions on Japan. If that happens, the President must either impose the sanctions or explain to Congress why such action is not warranted. Japanese officials called Verity's pronouncement "extremely regrettable" and expressed hope that the issue would not heighten tensions between the two countries, already entangled in trade disputes over products ranging from beef to semiconductors.

Japan contends that the whale hunt is for scientific purposes allowed

under the moratorium. The minke whales, which are not on the endangered-species list, will be dissected to determine their age and reproductive history. Fair enough, but the whale meat produced will turn up at restaurants in Japan. And that, says Commerce Department Spokesman Brian Gorman, "gives rise to concerns that this may be a thinly veiled commercial hunt." The Japanese people cannot understand why killing an unendangered species should cause such a ruckus. "Americans eat beef," they say. "Why can't we eat whale?"

American law specifies two actions that the President can take. He can ban Japanese fishing vessels from U.S. waters, but that would merely be symbolic, since, for conservation reasons, the Japanese do not currently have American fishing rights. An alternative would be to restrict imports of Japanese fish products, which amount to more than \$300 million annually. That could backfire, however, since Japan might retaliate against fish imports from the U.S. worth some \$1.4 billion a year.



The hunt is on for minke whales

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Tokyo stores indulge the taste for imports

manufacturing in a country with such a strong currency, Japanese companies are moving their manufacturing operations to Europe and North America, as well as other Asian countries. Toshiba has opened plants in Thailand to produce color or TV sets and refrigerators. Microwave ovens that Toshiba manufactures in Lebanon, Tenn., are now being shipped back to Japan for sale.

Yet for all their adjustments, Japanese manufacturers have not been the impetus for the country's comeback. Instead, a cut in Japanese interest rates in late 1986, though it failed in its goal of keeping the dollar from falling, succeeded in another way by setting off a construction boom. Housing starts during 1987 reached 1.7 million, the highest total since 1973. A former factory site near Tokyo Bay has sprouted the mammoth River City 21, a 14-building, 2,500-unit residential complex. Its two 40-story towers will rank as the tallest apartment buildings in the city. The Japanese government helped fuel the construction comeback by pouring money into public-works projects, part of a \$35 billion spending package that was passed last June.

With encouragement from the government, Japanese consumers are flocking to buy the latest in technology: not just refrigerators and washing machines for all those new houses, but bread-baking machines at \$275 and advanced TV sets with 37-in. screens at \$4,500. Though the U.S. has boosted sales of such products as food, chemicals and paper, Japanese shoppers are still lukewarm at best toward American-made consumer goods. Not enough U.S. companies are making the effort to sell in Japan. A recent multi-million-dollar Tokyo construction project attracted bids from 25 foreign companies, but received just two from U.S. firms. And last year U.S. automakers shipped the Japanese only 4,000 cars, far fewer than the 74,289 that the West Germans managed to sell. Japan's boom will be a healthy opportunity, but not for the complacent.

—By Barry Hillenbrand/Tokyo

Shelter from April's Showers

A once obscure savings plan becomes a substitute for the IRA

For five sweet years the individual retirement account was Everyman's tax shelter, providing a tax-deductible savings plan enjoyed by millions of Americans. But as the April 15 income-tax deadline approaches, that once sturdy shelter is leaking badly. Because of tax reform, high-income IRA holders can no longer claim deductions on contributions to their accounts. Many taxpayers, though, are not despairing: they are switching to another tax-deferred investment vehicle that has become an attractive alternative to the IRA. Its cryptic name: the 401(k). Says Christine Okenica, benefits coordinator at LeBeouf, Lamb, Leiby and MacRae, a New York City law firm: "Today 401(k) plans have the same magic that IRAs had before tax reform."

Unlike IRA accounts, 401(k) shelters—named for the section in the Internal Revenue code that defines them—are set up by companies for their workers. An employee may contribute as much as 20% of his salary to the plan, up to a maximum of \$7,313 a year. IRA contributions are limited to \$2,000 a year. The 401(k)'s biggest break: contributions are taken from pretax income, with taxes deferred until the money is withdrawn. For most single taxpayers earning more than \$25,000 and married couples with incomes in excess of \$40,000, IRA contributions are made with after-tax income. Another appeal of the 401(k) is that the accumulated earnings grow tax free, as they do in an IRA. Some firms also match 401(k) contributions. The companies hire financial experts to manage the funds, which are put into such investments as stocks, bonds and certificates of deposit.

While 401(k) plans have been around since 1978, they have caught fire only in the past few years. According to Hewitt Associates, a benefits-consulting firm, about 90% of all firms with 1,000 or more employees now provide 401(k) plans, up from 39% in 1983. In that year less than 40% of all employees eligible to make 401(k) contributions did so. Now at least two-thirds do. Greg Cole, general manager of Lips Propellers in Oakland, contributed \$6,000 to his 401(k) plan last year. Says he: "I don't think there's a better deal out there."

Employers are enthusiastic about 401(k)s because they represent an easy and inexpensive employee benefit. Smaller firms that are hard pressed to provide a pension plan for their workers can, at a modest cost, set up a 401(k) in which employee contributions are not matched. Large companies find that they can save

money by scaling back their basic pension plans and introducing 401(k) programs.

Still, the shelters are not constructed to everyone's taste. Some workers are concerned that their savings cannot be easily retrieved, as is the case with IRAs. According to the tax rules governing 401(k)s, employees can withdraw their money before age 59½ only if they suffer from a disability or a hardship, which the IRS has traditionally interpreted to mean something as serious as costly medical expenses. They must also pay a 10% penalty

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account

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account*

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15% tax bracket

10% tax bracket

5% tax bracket

0% tax bracket

100% tax bracket

150% tax bracket

200% tax bracket

250% tax bracket

300% tax bracket

350% tax bracket

400% tax bracket

450% tax bracket

500% tax bracket

550% tax bracket

600% tax bracket

650% tax bracket

700% tax bracket

750% tax bracket

800% tax bracket

850% tax bracket

875% tax bracket

900% tax bracket

925% tax bracket

950% tax bracket

975% tax bracket

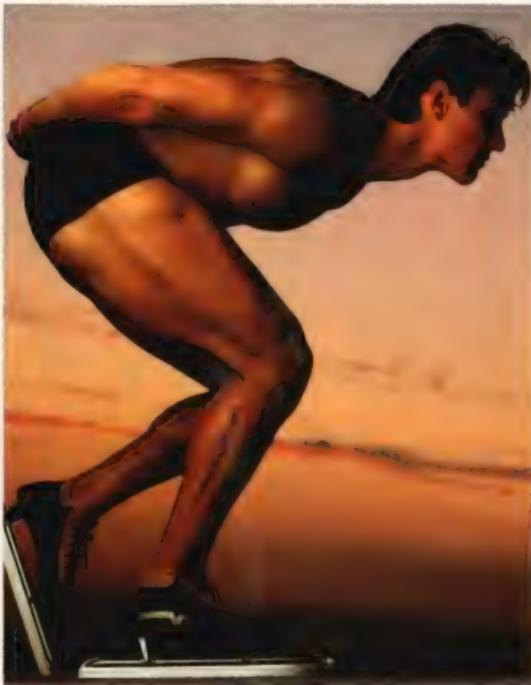
1000% tax bracket

to retrieve their funds. One way to withdraw the money without paying the penalty is to borrow against one's 401(k) savings. But employees must pay market-rate interest (currently about 9%) and repay the loan within five to ten years.

The proliferation of 401(k) plans could help bolster America's anemic savings rate (only about 3.5% of income last year). Yet the impact could be limited, since participation in 401(k) plans varies sharply with salary level. Some studies show that of the employees in the lower two-thirds of a company's salary scale, as few as 50% join 401(k) plans. However attractive, these newfangled tax shelters cannot change certain basic realities. For workers with school-age children, large mortgages and limited income, saving is often a luxury they can hardly afford.

—By Barbara Rudolph

Reported by Wayne Svoboda/New York



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Business Notes



LABOR Collecting for a Ford strike fund in London



GLITCHES McCosker, plastic and friend



CURRENCY The lira may drop its zeros

LABOR

No More Mr. Nice Guy

For many Britons it was like turning back the clock. After behaving meekly for years, British trade unions last week were suddenly flexing their muscles again. Ferry workers, autoworkers, schoolteachers, firemen and nurses all were in the streets. Among the hardest-hit targets was the British subsidiary of Ford of Europe. Nearly all the firm's 32,500 workers at 22 auto plants walked off the job after rejecting a three-year contract that would have provided modest pay increases.

Many economic analysts think the new union upsurge is a product of Britain's current prosperity. Since 1980 the British gross domestic product has risen by 19.8%, while company profits have surged. Says Ernie Velox, an assembly-line worker at Ford's 560-acre plant in Dagenham, England: "They're making major profits. Now we're asking for something out of it."

SUPERCOMPUTERS

The Fastest Brain in Town

With 58% of the world market, Cray Research is indisputably the supercompany in the design and manufacture of super-

computers—those ultrafast number crunchers that can do everything from designing jumbo jets to forecasting the weather. But the company fell behind schedule last year in its drive to bring out a new generation of machines that would have eight central processors instead of four. In the meantime, Cray's main American supercomputer rival, ETA, this year unveiled machines with up to eight processors.

Cray did not trail for long, however. Last week the company introduced the much ballyhooed Y-MP model. Though it is difficult to compare peak computer speeds accurately, the new Cray, which can perform as many as 4 billion calculations per second, is probably at least as fast as any other machine on the market.

Aquarium, has received numerous inquiries about a possible connection between eel skin and malfunctioning bank and credit cards, and he believes there may be one. The skins come from the slimy saltwater hagfish, also known as the slime eel. McCosker surmises that the problem is caused by either a metallic left over from the tanning process or some residual goo secreted by the skin. Others say the magnetic clasps on some wallets are the culprits. Whatever the case, some banks are dispensing vinyl card covers to ward off the attack of the anti-capitalist eels.

CURRENCY

Money You Can Count On

Oh that illusory feeling of sudden wealth! For decades, travelers wearied by the blur of borders and time zones have known they were in Italy after being showered with vast sums of lire in return for a traveler's check or two. But that heady experience may go the way of the Medici, thanks to a proposal by the Italian Cabinet to lop three zeros off the lira. Instead of doling out 1,250 or so lire for a dollar, bank clerks would slap down a single new lira and 25 centesimi, or cents. Advocates of the plan say the current huge denominations of lire turn such mundane calculations as balancing a

checkbook into nightmares. The redenomination of the lira may be delayed, however, by Italy's usual political turmoil. Days after the plan was unveiled, the country's 47th postwar government collapsed during a budget crisis. Even so, broad support for currency reform may encourage the new regime to move forward on the proposal.

VENTURES

Fly the Smoky Skies

Some people really do want to go up in smoke. So believes a group of Dallas businessmen that aims to start an airline exclusively for smokers. The Great American Smoker's Club plans to take off April 22, the day when a new Government ban on smoking during any flight shorter than two hours takes effect. The carrier intends to circumvent the rule by organizing as a private charter service and charging \$10 for membership (family rate: \$20). Entrepreneur Kay Cohlma, 53, and colleagues Glenn Herndon, 47, and Daniel Cuozzo, 43, smokers all, plan 14 round-trip commuter flights a day between Houston and Dallas. Other Southwest cities are to be added later. The airline's tail fins will be adorned by neither the Marlboro man nor the Surgeon General's warning, since the club will lease aircraft and crews from other carriers.

Glitches Fishy Coincidence

When an automated-teller machine refused to return her bank card, Diana Collier did not think much of it. But when two check-guaranteed cards also failed to work, she thought something might be fishy. She was right: her \$60 eel-skin wallet had apparently demagnetized her cards.

Collier, 25, of Pittsburgh, Calif., is not the only victim of trendy eel-skin accessories. John McCosker, director of San Francisco's Steinhart

Space

Goodbye to NASA's Glory Days

New U.S. plans boost private firms at the agency's expense

Insiders predicted the announcement would come in the State of the Union address in January. But the President's speech passed with no mention of the much-touted space initiative. When the plan was finally unveiled at the White House last week, the reason for delay became clear: the President's new space policy so downplayed the role of NASA, once the unchallenged ruler of the space program, that NASA Administrator James Fletcher had been waging a last-ditch fight against aspects of it. Even so, in the end good soldier Fletcher declared, "We're all working together. The military is going to be in space, science is going to be there, but the private sector is also going to be there in a much more serious way."

The Reagan initiative was long overdue. While the nation's manned space program has been grounded since the *Challenger* disaster, the commitment of Americans to space exploration remains firm. In a poll taken for TIME by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, most respondents agree that it is important for the U.S. to be the world's leading space-faring nation, and more than half fear that the U.S. has slipped behind the Soviets. Washington's dilemma has been how to maintain pre-eminence in space without exacerbating record budget deficits. Reagan's answer surprised no one: privatize wherever possible. True, his plan reassured NASA's central role in manned space flight. It called for \$1 billion in funding next year for the agency's ambitious, \$30 billion



space-station project and \$100 million to start exploring Pathfinder technologies to establish a base on the moon and send missions to Mars. It called on NASA and the military to cooperate in building a rocket capable of lofting heavy payloads for Star Wars and the space station.

But far more significant were Reagan's promises to encourage private-sector participation. Commercial space firms, for example, were assured that federal agencies would buy their launch services. Companies across the country saw the new policy as an important symbolic move. "It's great news," said Bruce Jackson, a Houston space-engineering consul-

tant. "It's a shot in the arm, and it will snowball." But without long-term funding, presidential promises mean little. Said Consultant Christopher Kraft, former head of the Johnson Space Center:

"The proof of the pudding is, Where's the bucks?"

Federal dollars have already been committed to the Industrial Space Facility, an unmanned mini-space station designed by Houston's Space Industries, Inc. The Reagan initiative calls on NASA to become the primary tenant aboard such a facility to the tune of some \$140 million a year—the major complaint of NASA's Fletcher. The agency recently has been fighting ISF for fear that ax-wielding Government budgeteers will see the laboratory as an alternative to its own expensive space lab. Says one Commerce Department source bluntly: "NASA fears it's an effort to kill the space station."

NASA's concern was understandable. Last fall Congress slashed \$342 million from the agency's \$767 million space-station funding request, then voted \$25 million in start-up money for ISF. NASA resistance to the mini-station had prompted a group of Senators led by Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire to hold up some \$97 million in funding until the space agency would go along with the smaller project.

NASA's opposition was probably foredoomed. At \$700 million, ISF not only is much cheaper than the big station but could go into orbit by 1991—five years after the successful Mir orbiter was launched by the Soviets, but six years before NASA's max-station becomes operational. Besides, say ISF proponents, it poses no threat to NASA. Designed primarily for materials research and automated manufacturing, it will use little new technology and carry no life-support systems for visiting astronauts. Explains Space Industries CEO Maxime Faget, an ex-NASA engineer: "We're an interim step toward the space station." At least, says Thomas Lee, deputy director of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center, the new policy "gives us a clear understanding of the long-term priorities."

In short, NASA was force-fed a harsh dose of reality: the glory days of the 1960s are long gone. It may be that the only way the U.S. can remain a power in space in the face of a strong Soviet manned program and aggressive foreign commercial ventures is if NASA shares the costs—and the rewards. The question now is whether a policy outlined by a lame-duck President will carry much weight with his successors.

—By Michael D. Lemonick
Reported by Jerry Haarifin/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Houston

HOW AMERICANS FEEL ABOUT THE SPACE RACE

How important do you think it is for the U.S. to be the leading nation in space exploration?

Important
48%
Somewhat important
33%
Not important
14%

In your view, is the U.S. space program ahead of or behind the Soviet Union's space program?

Ahead
24%
Behind
55%
Don't know
7%



Do you think the U.S. should increase its spending on the space program, decrease it, or keep it about where it is now?

Keep where it is
30%
Decrease
16%
Increase
50%

Do you think it would be a good idea or a bad idea for the U.S. and the Soviet Union to undertake cooperative efforts in space, such as going to Mars?

Bad idea
72%
Good idea
19%
Don't know
9%

Source: Telephone poll of 1,200 adults taken on TIME's behalf, 22-23 Jan by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. The sampling error is plus or minus 4%.

Law

Uniform Treatment for Gays

The Army's ban is struck down, but an appeal is likely

Civil rights cases are among the thorniest faced by courts because they so often involve competing principles of social justice: protecting affirmative action for blacks vs. honoring seniority in the workplace; providing equal job access for women vs. giving civil service preference to veterans, who are mostly male. Striving for balance, while zigzagging through such moral thickets, often leads to apparently contradictory precedents. Having ruled for one side, the same court may find for the other the next time an issue comes up.

Last week a three-judge panel of the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in California dismayed the Reagan Administration by doing just that in the nettlesome debate of the military vs. homosexuals. In 1980 the court upheld the Navy's discharge of three people accused of homosexual conduct. In 1981 it ruled against a soldier who charged the Army with selective prosecution because the military's antisodomy law was not being enforced in heterosexual cases. This time, however, Judges William Norris and William Canby sided with openly gay Sergeant Perry Watkins, 39. They said the Army had improperly refused to re-enlist him and marshaled constitutional reasoning that could, if upheld, enable gays to win pleas against all levels of government.

What made Watkins' case different, said the judges, was that he was charged only with being gay, not with a specific act of sodomy. Wrote Norris: "Any attempt to criminalize the status of an individual's sexual orientation would present grave constitutional problems." Watkins has never denied his orientation. The son of a career Army man, he admitted "homosexual tendencies" when he enlisted in 1967, at 19. Later he worked during off-duty hours, with his commander's permission, as a female impersonator. In his job rating, he was regularly praised for spit-shined professionalism. Although previous investigations had upheld Watkins' right to stay in the Army, regulations were tightened in 1981. Since Watkins' 1984 discharge three years short of retirement, he has had trouble finding work and has filed for bankruptcy.

Judges Norris and Canby refuted some commonly cited reasons for excluding gays, including hostility from other soldiers and a threat to morale. Wrote Norris: "Even granting special deference



Watkins at his Tacoma home: basing gay rights on equal protection

to the policy choices of the military, we must reject many of the Army's asserted justifications because they illegitimately cater to private biases." Judge Stephen Reinhardt dissented, arguing that he was bound by earlier cases, but denounced antigay laws and regulations and predicted some precedents would one day be overturned. "Were I free to apply my own view" of the Constitution, he wrote, "I too would conclude that the Army may not refuse to enlist homosexuals."

Gay activists hailed the words of the three judges, all appointed by President Carter. "This opinion is thrilling in its

breadth," said Executive Director Jeff Levi of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. "It says that government conduct can't be based on reflexive dislike of a group of people." For gays the legal terrain of late has been mostly bleak. During the 1970s and early '80s, homosexuals sometimes won legislative repeal or judicial invalidation of sodomy laws, which remain in force in about half the states and the District of Columbia, and also persuaded some jurisdictions to enact bans on discrimination in housing and employment. But the gay-rights movement lost steam politically after June 1986, when the U.S. Supreme Court by a 5-to-4 vote upheld a Georgia sodomy law, ruling that the constitutional right to privacy does not extend to homosexual sodomy. The new case offers an alternative argument: the judges focused on the concept of equal protection and held that homosexuals have been unjustly discriminated against as a class.

The Reagan Administration is expected to appeal the Watkins case either to the full Ninth Circuit or to the Supreme Court, where deference to military authority is relatively high and sympathy for gay causes is not. The court's newest and ideologically least-known member, Justice Anthony Kennedy, wrote the Ninth Circuit's 1980 opinion upholding the Navy's dismissal of homosexuals. Last week's action by his former colleagues suggests he may have to thrash through the issue again.

—By William A. Henry III
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco

Student Counsel

When Arizona State Representative Jim Green visited his son's junior high class in Tucson last year, he offered a civics lesson in the form of a challenge: if the students could find something "unfair" in the state constitution, Green would endeavor to have it changed. Little did he imagine that the young sleuths would track down a startling inquiry. As 100 students pointed out last week in an appearance before an Arizona house committee, the document states that only a "male person" may occupy the offices of Governor, sec-

retary of state, treasurer, attorney general or superintendent of public instruction. The finding was all the more remarkable since Rose Mofford had taken office as acting Governor only one day earlier, following the impeachment of Governor Evan Meacham. "It seems that most people in Arizona are unaware that our constitution does not permit a woman to be Governor," testified Eighth Grader Justin Prahar, 13. "I feel it is essential that this be changed before someone decides to use it for political reasons." The lawmakers promptly voted to eliminate the ban against women. If passed by both the house and senate, a resolution to amend the constitution accordingly will appear on the November ballot.



Mofford: illegal?



With a minimum of gimmicks and a scramble of happy children, the opening pageant sends the Games off to a bright start

Wonderful Whoop Of Good Will

In a climate of overpowering good will, but with temperatures fluctuating almost 60°, the XVth Winter Olympics began last week brilliantly. A crowd of 60,000 people glowing from the cheeks and hearts brimmed Calgary's McMahon Stadium for the opening ceremonies, donning colored ponchos that formed a lot of little symbols across the stands and one large display across the world.

Twice every four years, in the winter and summer, the earth's youth come together in one emotional place, and the effect always astonishes. As easy as a change of costumes, even the most professional and venal of the athletes is transformed during the Olympic procession to an elated amateur again, to a waving child.

Owing to a simple wisdom and a gust of wind, the Canadians stuck to human sentiments: happy children were the heart of the show. Kept to a blessed minimum were gimmicks like an inflatable mountain that wouldn't inflate and obligingly blew away. Folk dances prevailed, so much sweeter than production numbers, and the prancing horses of the Mounties outdid the screeching jets. Lassos twirled, cowboys strummed guitars, and a twelve-year-old girl lighted the candle.

A momentary thaw (one of Calgary's snow-eating chinooks) melted the town three days before fledgling Figure Skater Robyn Perry got up on her toes to reach the Olympic cauldron. Two years short of

the competitors' minimum age, the local whiz kid represented youth's considerable promise; also: bravery. A week earlier, before the thermometer shot from 11° below to 45° and back to 21° again, the Olympic torch blew up spectacularly. Engineers called it a "minor malfunction," but Perry may have wished for a longer handle.

Melting in a warmth toaster than a chinook was a child-labor flap ignited by cross-parents of the gala's youngest stars. In rehearsal, the youngsters worked up to twelve-hour days on short rations (sometimes just hot chocolate, a ham sandwich and a butter tart), although David Roberts, 12, reacted cheerfully: "Practice makes perfect. What I'll remember is the glory."

Among the lovely effects that the children of Calgary kept secret for weeks, even from their folks, were the moving pictures they formed on the stadium floor, first a snowflake, then a hockey game, a luge run, a dove. Scrambling to their stations, the ice blue snowsuits skipped and danced and punched the air with their sleeves. Meanwhile, the audience of athletes swayed and clapped, and laughed along.

The Greeks, the original Olympians, who never have won a winter medal, led the parade as always. In the 57-nation caravan there was the normal quota of Christmas elves and bright-parkaed snowmen, but a new theme emerged: intrigue. Fedoras and spy-length overcoats were the fashion of France, Italy, Bulgaria and others, including, in a gasping surprise, the Americans. Abandoning their



GO WITH THE GLOW

Calgarians put on a touching, rousing performance Saturday. Figure Skating Star Debi Thomas marched with the rest of the U.S. team and gazed out cheerfully from a sea of Al Capone hats

customary ranch outfits ("Thank heavens," said Skier Debbie Armstrong), the U.S. team wore overcoats long enough to hide tommy guns (blue coats for the men, white for the molls) and snowy, wide-brim hats from out of the '30s. "Al Capone!" exclaimed Japanese Speed Skater Atsushi Akasaka, 20, who has no English. It looked a little like a jolly bootlegger's funeral.

Carrying the flag for the Americans was four-time Olympian Lyle Nelson, 39, a biathlete. "I hope I don't turn left when everyone else goes right," Nelson had fretted. He promised to wield the staff gently. "Having stood in a lot of parades [he is a product of West Point and remains a National Guardsman], I don't like to be nationalistic at the Olympics. It's a place for international brotherhood." His fellow biathlete, Josh Thompson, is given a chance for the first American medal in this arcane sport that marries cross-country skiing and shooting. Thompson shares Nelson's perspective. "Who else can carry a rifle on his back," he rejoiced, "and hug a Russian?"

Dark worries attend every modern Olympiad. Besides a delicious forum for political commentary, the Games present an international spotlight for terrorists. But in the bright face of this city, treachery has become a distant concern, as Organizing Committee Chairman Frank King indicated in his wonderful proclamation, "The prospects of problems that are large are small." Asked about the unfailing good humor of every bus driver and security guard in western Canada,

King cited the region's natural resistance to cynicism, "almost a central naivete."

At the same time, the athletes' Village at the University of Calgary has been equipped with sensory fences able to detect a handhold, and the sentries manning the X-ray entrances are cordial but resolute. "Security is tighter than at an airport," says U.S. Luger Bonny Warner, though the ultimate effect inside is "homely, comfortable and no glitz." Underground tunnels connecting the dormitories are funneling the world's sportsmen into a closer association. U.S.A. and Soviet C.C.C.P. jackets are elbow to elbow in the video game room, and the "Countries Club" discotheque is more popular still. Besides the music, it has the immense virtue of a liquor license. (As far as the Village was concerned, Sarajevo four years ago was dry.)

The food has been going down well. Particularly fussy about pasta, the Italians were told they could bring their own, provided there was enough for everyone. The pasta bar is booming. Regarding training and technical facilities, the athletes have universally been raving about the handsome running tracks, swimming pools and gymnasiums. Only a sedentary visitor would complain that Olympic Villages used to be less efficient, more charming.

By nighttime of the first day, when the U.S. hockey team drummed Austria 10-6, the temperature was down in the teens, a relief to all the snow studies, especially the Alpine skiers. At Nakiska, 55 miles

from downtown, only one team is living on the mountain: the Swiss. And only one skier occupies a private room: Pirmin Zurbriggen. These facts might be considered clues to the fortunes ahead, though the first word Zurbriggen had for the hill was *pompy* (lousy). Silvano Meli, for ten years a member of the Swiss team, now a sponsor's publicist, describes the mood of the lonely mountain dwellers: "They are a German mentality, and for fun, well, they don't do anything for fun." Except, perhaps, celebrate.

In terms of overall medals, the East Germans and the Russians are the favorites once again. As a merchant might say, to the victors go the jeans. Calgary's largest denim shop, Mark's Work Warehouse, has taken out a full-page ad in the morning *Herald*—in Russian—urging, "Present your Soviet Olympic accreditation and receive a 25% discount on the purchase of up to six pairs." Business was described as "brisk."

At Olympic ceremonies in the West, the Soviets always seem to hear special cheers, and their deep brown furts this time plumped with particular appreciation. Of course the greatest clamor at the opening was for the Canadians, dressed as maple-leaf cowhands in red and white fringe. A native North American wearing buckskin stood alone in the field and hauntingly sang *O Canada* in the original tongue. After that, finding voice for the reprise wasn't easy for anyone. On this soft note, the Games began.

—By Tom Callahan
Reported by Lee Griggs and Paul A. Wittenman/
Calgary



Why you can park nearer in a GM car, charge last-minute tickets only on your Visa card and develop those snapshots just with Kodak

The Olympian Games That Companies Play

Back in 1928, Coca-Cola sent off 1,000 cases of its "official soft drink" on the ship taking the American team to the Amsterdam Games. Probably seemed like a grand gesture at the time. This year, just for the privilege of calling itself the official soft drink, Coke paid a cool \$3 million. The Olympics went to Los Angeles in 1984, learned all about how to cut deals and sell fantasy, and made a \$215 million profit. The organizers of the Calgary Games have merely taken a leaf (a maple leaf, of course) from the Los Angeles book.

That is why some 1,300 men and women charged with timing, judging and overseeing the Games are not the only ones able to call themselves official these next two weeks. Twenty-two large U.S. and Canadian companies are on hand as "official sponsors." An additional 26 are there as "official suppliers." And 41 more are "official licensees," peddling everything from Olympic-logo sweatshirts to figure-skating Barbie dolls. "These Games won't just break even," says David Shanks, corporate-relations manager for O.C.O. '88, the Olympic organizing committee. "They will make money." As much as \$23 million.

To solve what O.C.O. Chairman Frank King called the "problem of financing the Games without hitting the taxpayers," the committee approached major American and Canadian firms, offering for \$2 million and up exclusive rights to use and market the Olympics in their industry as well as special privileges at the Games. So nothing but Coke-owned drinks are available at the Olympic venues or in the athletes' Village. Kodak, the official film, won the right to operate the center that is processing the millions of rolls professional and amateur photographers shoot at the Games. IBM got to provide the computers that officials and athletes are using to check the schedule of events as well as the times and

scores recorded. Visa is the Games' official credit card; American Express, MasterCard and Diners Club cards are thus not being accepted at any Olympic ticket office or venue (though they find ready acceptance at Calgary hotels and restaurants). General Motors has the right to supply all the vehicles used by Olympic officials, and because GM cars are getting



PILING UP PROFITS

Following the gilded Los Angeles example, O.C.O.'s King has led the drive to trade the Games' cachet for corporate funding

preferential parking at Olympic venues, many auto-rental agencies rushed to replace the Fords they had been using with Chevrolets, Buicks and Oldsmobiles.

The companies calculate that they will reap enormous benefits from their participation, some in direct sales, some in goodwill. Labatt Brewing has been getting almost unqualified public approval for its program of bringing the parents of Canadian athletes to Calgary to watch their children perform. Petro-Canada put up \$35.6 million, on top of a \$4.3 million sponsorship fee, to stage the trans-Canada torch relay that ended with the lighting of the Olympic flame.

*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and TIME International are the 1988 Games' official sponsor magazines.

Saturday. The company expects to realize a 2% increase in market share and an additional \$221 million in annual revenues as a result.

Official suppliers, which paid \$500,000 each for the designation, are profitably promoting their contribution. The athletes consequently are feasting on meats provided by Canada Safeway, eating bread baked by Weston Foods and spreading it with Skippy peanut butter or Hellmann's mayonnaise from Best Foods. They sleep on Simmons mattresses and stoke up on Crispy Crunch candy bars, made by a Weston subsidiary. Any photographs commissioned by O.C.O. will be shot with Canon cameras.

And with no others. Having guaranteed exclusivity, O.C.O. has been keeping its promise with all the ferocity, and discrimination, of a hurtling bobsled—suing or threatening to sue anybody suspected of misusing the word Olympic or 217 different logos and trademarks. Charging an infringement of its licensing rights to the five-ring symbol, O.C.O. unsuccessfully

tried to enjoin *Maclean's*, a weekly Canadian magazine, from publishing a special Olympic edition. It even went after an Ottawa eatery known as the Olympic Diner and the twelve-year-old Olympic Drilling Co., an Ottawa-based water well-drilling firm. "These people are crazy," said Olympic's Gisele Renwick.

Canada's Fitness and Sport Minister, former Skater Otto Jelinek, apparently agreed, and asked O.C.O. to "cease and desist" from harassing small companies that were clearly not hurting the licensing efforts. O.C.O. has taken added lumps over public suspicions that it is elitist—giving sponsors preferential treatment on tickets and accommodations, being more interested in playing host to such visiting royalty as Norway's King Olav, Spain's Juan Carlos and Monaco's Prince Rainier than it is in the people of the host city. "I hope the Games do show a profit," says Reg Brown, 44, a rancher outside Calgary. "But I'll be interested in seeing how much of that profit goes toward helping amateur athletes, as they've promised it will."

Such criticism stings O.C.O., which insists that it has simply been trying to find a way to avoid the sea of red ink that Montreal faced after the 1976 Games. Because O.C.O. almost certainly will achieve that, as long as most sponsors believe they will get their money's worth, the Olympic marriage with commercialism will continue. Organizers of this summer's Seoul Olympics have already pulled in \$180 million worth of sponsorships.

—By Peter Stoler/Ottawa



For the tongue-tied and the perplexed, a concise guide to Axels, Lutzes, morgues and other subtleties of winter

Beyond the O Words

Most viewers tuning in to the Winter Olympics will be limited to a vocabulary of three small o words: "ooh" for any soaring feat after which the athlete remains in an upright position, "oops" for ungainly plops onto ice or snow and "ouch" for the spectacular disasters. Couch-cozy spectators are likely to remain otherwise speechless at the subtleties of winter sports. They will not be helped by the glossolalia that accompanies the coverage of the Games, including such fascinating but baffling terms as Axels and Lutzes, telemark landings and super-Gs. Enlightened appreciation will also be hindered by Zen-like axioms ("the fastest way to ski cross-country is to skate") and nonsensical riddles ("What sport has contestants who practice black magic and wait their turns in a morgue?"). As a guide for the perplexed, TIME has gathered a number of these mysteries and provided solutions to them. Welcome to the land beyond ooh, oops and ouch.

The first riddle: What comes first, a figure skater's performance or reputation? Put another way, Are judges chicken to have egg on their faces? During the long and short programs, they put great weight on the reputation of a contestant. A neophyte skater may turn in a string of leaps and spins more dazzling than Katarina Witt's smile and still get lower marks than the reigning queen of the rink. The practice cuts across political affiliations. A Soviet judge will give a prominent American higher marks than a fledgling Russian who skates a comparable program. And vice versa. No matter how talented, all newcomers are always a little less than equal. To paraphrase *Proverbs* 22: 1, a good name is better than gold. Or in this instance, as good as gold.

Then there is the curious case of the judges who do not really matter. In ski jumping, judges can award as many as 20 points for a perfect jump, watching out for such sins of style as bent knees, curved backs, unsteadiness and crossed skis. They also look askance at failure to land with one ski in front of the other, knees flexed, hips bent and arms straight out at the sides—the so-called telemark position, named after a region in Norway where the sport originated. The final score on a jump is made up of distance plus style points, but somehow the longest jumpers must always have the best style.

In the end, the sport is mostly one of superlatives: whoever jumps farthest wins.

The positions athletes take while competing often look mystifyingly ungainly, but there are usually practical reasons. Aerodynamic considerations have led ski jumpers to hold their arms at their sides to form an airfoil, getting as much updraft as possible after takeoff from the slope. Downhill racers crouch with their chests to their knees, assuming a near fetal position to cut wind resistance. In luge,

huge run is known as the "morgue," for the icy silence that haunts it as contestants nervously wait their turn. Sliders also use "black magic," the term for the secret way each has of sharpening and preparing the blades of his sled for a race. For example, heating the blades can increase a sled's speed. That kind of magic is illegal.

Other terms have their roots in the names of people. An Axel is a leap plus 1½ revolutions forward in the direction one is skating. Named for Axel Paulsen, a 19th century Norwegian skater, it is one of the most difficult moves in the sport. A leap rotating in the opposite direction from the approach is called a Lutz, after its turn-of-the-century originator, Alois Lutz. Popular belief ascribes a literary root to the rambunctious ice hockey puck, tracing the name back to Puck, the mischievous spirit in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Unfoiled mortals trace the word back to a form of the verb *poke*. But why quarrel? The sport needs all the romance it can get.

Finally, there are events that are as



sliders lying on their backs and steering with their feet minimize resistance by keeping their limbs aligned and body flat.

Sleek principles of physics characterize most of these techniques. But sometimes down and dirty gets the job done faster. For years the accepted style in cross-country skiing was an elegant parallel gliding across snow. In 1982, however, 1976 Olympic Nordic Skiing Silver Medalist Bill Koch popularized a crisscross technique, literally "skating" on skis. The new, swifter style revolutionized the sport. Despite attempts by purists to ban skating entirely, the method will be allowed in half of Calgary's cross-country events.

The babel of esoteric sports terms can be misleadingly familiar—sometimes morbidly so. The building at the top of a

much a mystery to insiders as they are to outsiders. Among them is the super-G (that's the super giant slalom, but you knew that). The new Alpine skiing event is meant to combine the precision of slalom and the speed of downhill racing. Unfortunately, no one seems to know the proper combination. Says 1984 Slalom Gold Medalist Phil Mahre: "When a downhill coach sets a super-G course, it's very fast and very straight. When a slalom coach sets the course, it's very technical and has a lot of turns. Nobody really knows what a super-G is."

In case of such confusion, it is advisable to turn down the volume on the television set and stick to ooh, oops and ouch.

—By Howard G. Chas-Egan.
Reported by Brian Cazeau/Calgary

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Virtually all adults can get gingivitis as a result of unchecked plaque.

Public enemy #1: plaque. Plaque has almost become a household word. It is certainly a household problem. But even though everyone is affected by it, few people really understand the seriousness of plaque or the importance of controlling it. Plaque is an almost invisible sticky film of bacteria that continuously forms on the teeth. Plaque germs are constantly multiplying and building up. Any dentist will tell you that controlling plaque is the single most important step to better oral health.

The victims of unchecked plaque: teeth and gums. Ignoring plaque is a risky proposition. If it is not removed and controlled, the results are sometimes merely unattractive, but often times for more serious.

A serious result of unremoved

plaque is gingivitis, the early, reversible stage of gum disease. As plaque builds, the bacteria produce by-products that can irritate the gums, causing redness, swelling and sometimes bleeding. These signs indicate there is a problem that should be looked at



For more information, call toll free: 1-800-223-0182 (in NJ: 1-800-338-0326).

by a dentist for an accurate diagnosis. If left untreated, gingivitis can lead to periodontitis, an advanced stage of gum disease, which possibly can result in tooth loss. Periodontitis can be diagnosed and treated only by a dentist.

The unattractive problem, tartar, is a hard calcified material which can trap plaque. This appears as yellow-brownish stained accumulations on the teeth. While many anti-tartar toothpastes and mouthrinses can help prevent new tartar from forming, none can remove existing tartar. That can be safely removed only by a dentist or a dental hygienist. Unlike gingivitis, tartar above the gumline is basically a cosmetic problem.

The best defense is a good offense. The best way to guard against gingivitis is to stop it before it starts. You should begin by brushing and flossing daily, and visiting your dentist regularly. In reality, however, many people do not clean all areas of their mouths thoroughly with these methods alone. That's why rinsing with Listerine® Antiseptic is important. Long-term clinical studies with hundreds of patients have proven that daily use of Listerine kills plaque bacteria, helping to prevent plaque build-up and gingivitis. Listerine has also been proven to reduce existing plaque and gingivitis.

The American Dental Association Council on Dental Therapeutics recently has granted the Seal of Acceptance to Listerine for helping to prevent and reduce both plaque above the gumline and gingivitis. Listerine is the only non-prescription mouthwash that has been accepted by the ADA for these conditions. So, wherever you see Listerine, you'll see this Seal of Acceptance.



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Gingivitis is not inevitable. With certain preventive measures, it may be avoided. Remember to brush and floss daily and visit your dentist regularly. And for extra protection, rinse with an ADA accepted antiseptic mouthwash such as Listerine. It's as simple as that.

Education



Amid the scams are opportunities: air-conditioner repair class at the Technical Career Institutes

Taking Aim at Trade Schools

A federal report says many are shady and waste U.S. loans

Virginia Hernandez of Phoenix was a high school freshman struggling through her classes two years ago, when she met a pitchman for the Arizona Career College. With promises of a dazzling career, he persuaded her to drop out and enroll in a \$5,000 "computer communications" course. She would qualify for a federally guaranteed student loan, she was told, if she would fake her age upward a year to 17. Though her school guidance counselor warned that she lacked the skills for such a program, Hernandez enrolled, only to quit when the going got too rough. Now receiving bills for \$4,400 in outstanding loans, she babysits for precarious living. "I just wasted my time," she says. "I didn't learn nothing"—except a tough lesson about trade schools.

Hernandez has plenty of company. Last week Secretary of Education William Bennett released a study blasting the worst of the nation's 7,000 for-profit trade schools for deceitful practices that prey on vulnerable and often semiliterate students. The report lays nearly half the Government's \$1.6 billion student-loan default burden on the doorsteps of such institutions. Many of the schools, which currently enroll 1.3 million students, have dropout rates in excess of 50% and loan-default rates to match. "The kids are left without an education and with no job," says Bennett, "and the taxpayer ends up holding the bag for a kid who gets cheated."

According to the study, a number of schools seem to be less in the business of education than that of processing federal loan money. Some were found to recruit students from unemployment and welfare offices, waive them through token en-

trance exams and then sign them up for courses whose costs often just happen to equal the maximum available federally guaranteed loans. In many cases, the study found, students do not even realize they are signing loan applications. Trade schools were also found to lie to students about their job-placement rates and make false claims about the qualifications of their graduates. The U.S.A. Training Academy of Newark, Del., for instance, advertises itself as, of all things, a correspondence school in truck driving. But completing the program does not necessarily help students get licenses.

In an effort to crack down, Bennett proposed in December to make institutions with default rates that are consistently over 20% ineligible for federally backed student loans. Last week he called on Congress to tighten standards for organizations that accredit trade schools, and ban loans to students who lack high school diplomas or equivalency degrees.

Most educators welcome a closer eye on accreditation and a toughening of the Government's lax rules on student loans. But many point out that Bennett's proposal could cut off job-training opportunities for the nation's legions of high school dropouts. "A diploma is nice, but you shouldn't turn these other kids away from becoming auto mechanics or secretaries," says Mark Williams, who investigates trade-school abuses for New York State. Reputable organizations like New York's Technical Career Institutes have successfully trained a large number of dropouts. Says California's superintendent of public instruction, William Honig: "It would be a mistake to blast the whole industry." —By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Martha Smigis/New York, with other bureaus

An F with Honors

Desegregation comes to Dixie

When is a failing grade not a failing grade? Maybe when the Department of Education is handing out the marks. In another statement last week, Secretary Bennett announced that six Southern and Border States had yet to comply fully with a 17-year-old court order to desegregate public colleges. However, instead of expressing concern, Bennett praised the states for having made "substantial progress." Moreover, the Secretary gave passing grades to four other states, even though they have not fully met goals or timetables set by his department.

The optimistic appraisal winds down an important Government battle against academic segregation. As a result of a 1969 lawsuit by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the states were forced to submit plans to increase black enrollment and recruit more minority faculty at white institutions, and to upgrade facilities at traditionally black colleges. Otherwise, the states would face a cutoff of federal funds. Last week's ruling means that the four passing states—Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina and West Virginia—are now free of such orders.

The six states that failed—Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Oklahoma and Virginia—must take certain steps by year's end. One requirement in Virginia, for example, will be to complete buildings already under construction at some all-black campuses, while Georgia must develop a plan to encourage students at a largely white junior college to transfer to a traditionally black one.

Critics contend that such measures are largely cosmetic. The N.A.A.C.P. notes that the disparity between black and white student-enrollment figures is growing, despite court orders to reduce such gaps. In Arkansas, 46% of white high school graduates and 36% of blacks went on to college in 1978; by 1985 the rate for whites had risen to 49%, while blacks had gained no ground.

Bennett argues that the real problem is a shrinking pool of able black students, a problem felt nationwide, not just in the South. Says he: "In any one of these ten states, a black student will find, if he has qualifications, many institutions eager to have him." Jenell Byrd, an attorney for the Legal Defense Fund, disagrees, insisting that segregation remains an obstacle for Southern blacks who want to attend mostly white colleges. On that point, she claims, the Federal Government gets an F. ■



Bennett

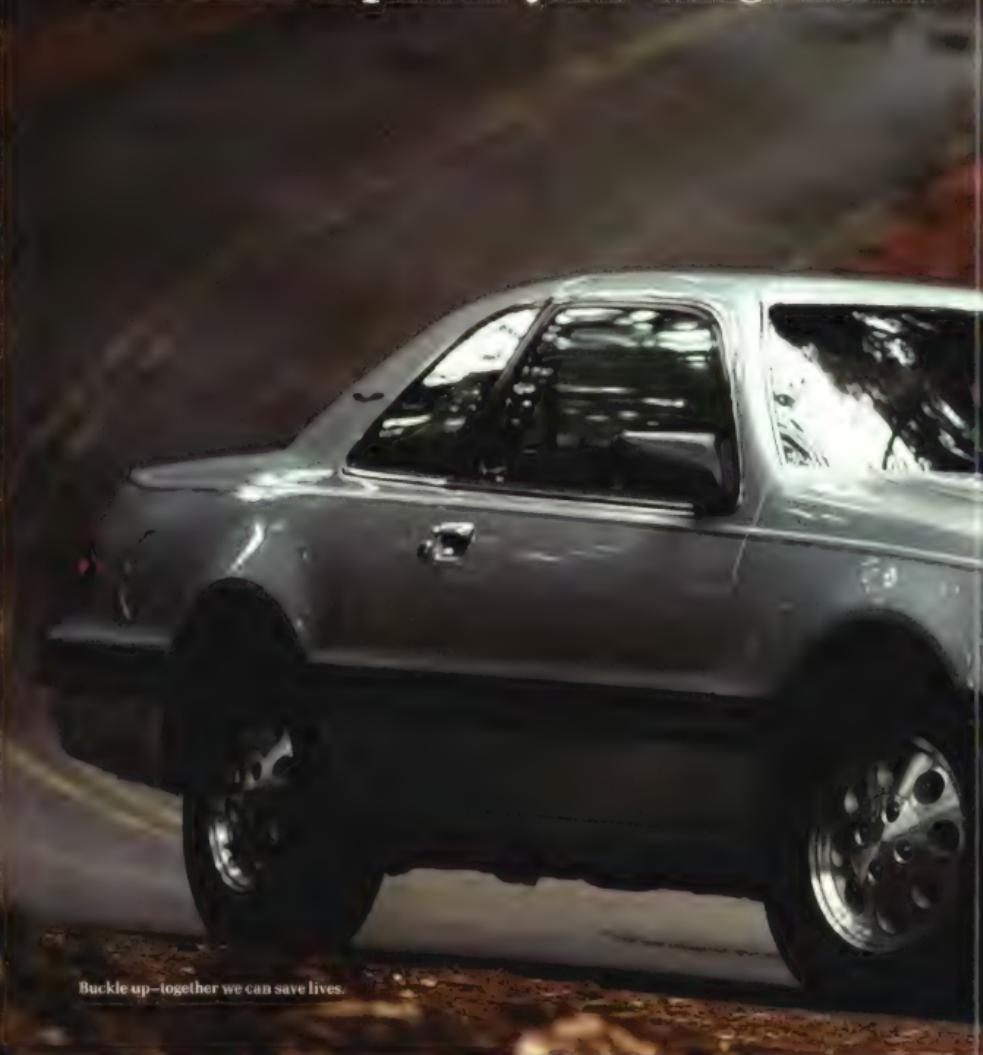
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Press

A New Member Joins the Club

There's Dan, Tom, Peter—and now Bernard Shaw of CNN

More than 1,000 journalists flocked to Iowa to cover last week's caucuses. But when the nation's television viewers sat back to watch the results, they found themselves, as usual, in the company of an elite few. Flipping through the channels, one could find Dan interviewing Bob Dole. Tom tangling with Pat Robertson. Peter and David congratulating Democratic Victor Dick Gephardt, and Bernie earnestly questioning Mike Dukakis.

Bernie? Yes, Bernie, as in Bernard Shaw, the Cable News Network's principal Washington anchor and the newest member of TV news' most exclusive fraternity. Although hardly a new face (at 47, he has logged 24 years in the business, the past eight anchoring at CNN), Shaw has come to personify CNN's transformation from the "Chicken Noodle Network" to a respected competitor of ABC, CBS and NBC. That status seemed to become official last December, when Shaw joined the three network anchors for a nationally televised interview with President Reagan, from the Oval Office, on the eve of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to the U.S. Last month the anchor turned up as one of half a dozen presenters at the Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University awards, TV's equivalent of the Pulitzer Prizes. But despite the attention, Shaw insists, "I'm not a star."



Shaw on the job during the Iowa caucuses: "I'm not a star"
He believes the messenger shouldn't get in the way of the message.

Indeed, at a network where round-the-clock anchor duties are shared by 21 journalists, Shaw's solemn delivery embodies CNN's no-frills style. "His philosophy is that the messenger shouldn't get in the way of the message," says V.R. (Bob) Furnad, the senior executive producer of CNN's campaign coverage. But Shaw is no shrinking violet. During the White House interview, he described the 1980 Reagan-Bush ticket as a "shotgun marriage" and asked whether that was why the President had not endorsed Bush's 1988 candidacy.

The son of a Chicago house painter

and a domestic, Shaw was drawn to TV journalism as a child. Edward R. Murrow was an early hero, and he recalls wangling his way into both the 1952 and 1956 Democratic Party conventions:

"When I looked up at the anchor booths, I knew I was looking at the altar." While serving in the Marines, the aspiring journalist met Walter Cronkite, who, he recalls, advised him "to read anything I could get my hands on." He started out in Chicago radio, eventually moving to Washington and television, joining CBS in 1971. Six years later, he jumped to ABC, where as Latin American correspondent he covered the Nicaraguan revolution and the mass suicide at Jones-town. In 1980, when CNN asked him to be one of its original anchors, Shaw was torn. Network bosses told him it would ruin his career, but Shaw disagreed. "Murrow was on the threshold of the new age," he reasoned. "I thought that a 24-hour news

network had to be the last frontier."

Sometimes a spartan one, CNN bolsters its profits (an estimated \$60 million last year) through minimal use of high-cost graphics and glitz, and by maintaining a notoriously low-paid nonunion staff. Shaw does not divulge his salary ("It's between me and the IRS"), but insists that it is not comparable to the millions paid to his network rivals. In any case, the exemplar of CNN sparseness takes a dim view of such excess. Says he: "Beware of anchormen who ride in limousines."

—By Lawrence Zuckerman
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and
Gavin Scott/Des Moines

A Journal's Headache

A landmark study showing that aspirin can help prevent heart attacks was good news for most Americans last month. But the headlines came one day too soon for the influential *New England Journal of Medicine*, which published the original report. Newspapers and magazines routinely receive advance copies of the *Journal* each week on Monday but

abide by an agreement not to report its contents before Wednesday at 6 p.m. The London-based Reuters news service seemed to violate the embargo by reporting the aspirin study on a Tuesday, more than 24 hours early. The incident has provoked a heated dispute over a widespread journalistic practice.

Angered by the premature report (which prompted other publications to break the embargo), the *Journal* announced it would drop Reuters from its press mailing list for six months. Reuters, insisting

that its aspirin story was based on independent reporting and not the *Journal's* article, vowed not to adhere to the embargo during its suspension. "When we have access to a copy of the *Journal*, we'll treat it as we do all other news sources and publish on merit," said Desmond Maberley, executive editor of Reuters in North America. Since other news organizations would probably stay competitive, such action could shatter the *Journal's* control over the release of medical news.

That would not be bad, say some medical reporters, who feel the publication has overdosed on power. The *Journal* defends its embargo as necessary to ensure that complex medical information does not reach the public before it is read and digested by physicians. Says Editor Dr.

Arnold S. Relman: "The embargo is important to help doctors take good care of patients." Diagnosis: a stand-off between Reuters and the *Journal*. Prescription: take two aspirin and call each other in the morning.



Editor Relman



Reuters' Maberley

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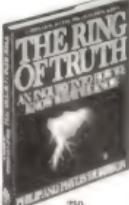
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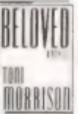
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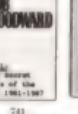
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No one ever expected America to age gracefully. How could the country of adolescent spirit, reckless politics, marathons, short skirts, unbounded energy and a restless imagination admit that its body is growing old? Not with Ronald Reagan in the saddle at 77, or Joe Niekro, a starting pitcher at 43, fluttering knuckle balls past cross-eyed youngsters on a Saturday afternoon. Or Dr. Jonas Salk, 73, who developed the first polio vaccine 35 years ago, searching for an AIDS vaccine. Or Elizabeth Taylor at 55, flashing a luscious violet smile from a magazine cover. We don't have to slow down, they seem to say. Why should you?

It may be that, with all the willfulness of youth, America is finding a new way to grow old. Far from fading away, the elderly seem to be brightening on the horizons of the mind, the family, the workplace, the community. Everywhere their role and presence are changing. Politicians rush to court the gray vote. Corporations and charities plumb a deeply skilled, reliable labor resource among the used-to-be and not-yet-ready-to-be retired. Madison Avenue prepares to tap a vast, long-ignored market. Where once the image of the elderly was of frailty, there are now energy and curiosity, courses to take, choirs to join, diets to break, children to counsel, battles to fight, whims to follow.

But with these come other, less cheering images and prospects. Among them is the still haunting presence of the elderly poor, most of them widows, many of them black, collapsing into a safety net that cannot support their weight. The well-being of America's senior citizens, though far greater than 20 years ago, is by no means uni-

versal. Many are sick and getting sicker, as health care becomes prohibitively expensive. Every year, as the baby boomers age and the nation's center of gravity shifts upward, the allocation of resources becomes ever more difficult and the potential for conflict between generations ever greater.

Budget-conscious policymakers must already balance the competing claims of education, child-care and welfare programs against Medicare, catastrophic health insurance and numerous benefits for the elderly. With each advance in medical technology, doctors and ethicists wrestle over how long people should be kept alive and how to ration health care between the young and the very old. And closest to home, many "sandwich" families will feel a terrible strain as they try to raise their children and sustain their parents on a squeezed household budget.

In many ways, America is not yet ready for a vast social change that came upon it rather suddenly. "It used to be," says Ken Dychtwald, a young, blunt-spoken gerontologist in Emeryville, Calif., "that people didn't age. They died." When the Republic was founded, a newborn child could expect to reach 35. Today Americans could well live into their 90s—and live well too. In 1950 people 65 and over made up just 7.7% of the population. Now the number is up to 12%, and it will reach 17.3% by 2020. Fastest growing of all will be the 85 and over. By 1995 the population of the average U.S. town will look like Florida's population today.

But it is not just that the elderly are living longer, healthier lives. They are living them differently. Look around the Sunbelt. Florida, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada have some of the country's fastest-growing populations of those over

69 Virginia Peckham and boogie board hit the surf



103 Jane Stovall, author, flyer,
with great-granddaughter



76 Morris ("Pat") Rylee plays in the Kids-Kubs softball league



88 Daddy Bruce serves it up at his BBQ restaurant

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SANDWICHES
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PINTS QUARTS

76 Katherine Gaik at work in a Chicago McDonald's



67 Volunteer Lois Eiseman helps out a preschooler



76 Robert Pamplin on the job at his own gravel company



77 N.Y.U. Student Etta Kallman, a straight-A scholar



Living

65. In some places it seems a wholly different, more leisurely universe, full of choices and passions long delayed. There is Hulda Crooks, 91, who has climbed 97 mountains since she turned 65, most recently Mount Fuji in Japan. And Dentist James Jay, 74, who finished, along with 51 other septuagenarians and four octogenarians, that 26-mile ribbon of pain, the New York City Marathon. And Virginia Peckham, 69, known on San Clemente beach as "That Crazy Old Lady," riding an orange-and-white boogie board and shouting surfing mantras. And Etta Kallman, 77, writing knowingly about "The Metabolism of the Dinosaur" and winning awards for academic excellence from New York University. And Jane Stoval, 103 next week, a one-time milliner, author, tango dancer and seniors golf champion and, at 89, a student pilot.

Then there are the seasoned boys of summer: the Kids-Kubs softball league of St. Petersburg, Fla., where rookies must be at least 74 to don the white Good Humor man uniform and black bow tie. The team has its own special rules. Harry Rylee told *TIME* Correspondent Michael Riley: "You've got a couple of guys there that you could eat a sandwich while they're running to first base," muses the outfielder, whose brothers Morris and Michael play shortstop and infield. "But you can't tell 'em they can't play. That'd be like sticking a knife in them."

For many of the relentlessly young, the attitude is born out of a community life that resembles nothing so much as their college years of half a century ago: a life of options, dates, lessons and sudden, surprising fellowship. Florida Gerontologist Otto Von Mering, 65, refers to the "fictive kinship," whereby older people acquire a new support system long after their families and friends have dispersed. Take Liz Carpenter. At 65, the twangy-voiced former press secretary to Lady Bird Johnson started writing a book. At 66, she found romance—with a man she had known when she was 20. Now 67, she has devised her cardinal rules for aging: entertain a lot, never pass up an invitation, and by all means fall in love. On a hilltop outside her home in Salado, Texas, she entertains friends in the Jacuzzi she calls her "golden pond." Every month she gathers with fellow members of the Bay at the Moon Society, a group of large-lunged Texans who meet at a different ranch to sing and holler at the midnight sky. "Aging has become very stylish," Carpenter concludes happily. "All the best people are doing it."

But the elderly are doing far, far more than just playing. The "shadow work" of millions of volunteers—in schools, hospital wards, prisons and arts centers—has helped fill the hole left by younger women, once full-time volunteers, who have entered the work force. Many retirees view such service as a duty as well as a pastime. Lois Eiseman, 67, a former kindergarten teacher, travels to schools and

day-care centers to test children for hearing disabilities. Restaurant Owner "Daddy" Bruce Randolph, 88 this week, serves thousands of dinners to Denver's homeless and shut-ins every Thanksgiving. Wayne Matson, 67, a retired Air Force colonel, volunteers full time for the humane society in Winter Haven, Fla. "If you're not committed to something," he declares, "you're just taking up space."

For others, the luxury of time and health has required some creative thinking. In the 1880s, when German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck set the retirement age at 65, the average life expectancy was

Granted, many retirees looking to return to work have had a harder time. It often takes many months to find a suitable job, whether to supplement Social Security or fill spare time. But between 1980 and 1986 the number of part-time employees in the U.S. rose by 23%, twice the rate of full-time jobholders, in part because many large corporations were quick to respond to the widened applicant pool. McDonald's created McMasters, a four-week job-training program for people over 50. The part-time work has helped people like Kathrine Gaitk, 76, dodge an idle old age. The Travelers Insurance Co. of Hartford is saving



Gray Power

Clockwise from top, Florida Congressman Claude Pepper, 87, in Washington; Gray Panthers in Harlem; plugging Dole in New Hampshire; San Francisco Panthers' AIDS protest; anti-contra signs in Laguna Beach, Calif.



45. No problem there. But these days, many of those over 65 who prepared themselves for a life of leisure found they were not cut out for it. For them, the greatest luxury of retirement is returning to work—on their own terms. Robert Pamplin, 76, former head of the Georgia-Pacific Corp., prudently began plotting his corporate afterlife ten years before he reached his company's mandatory retirement age. In 1976, on his 65th birthday, he bought a small sand-and-gravel company in Portland, Ore. Ten years and two other acquisitions later, he oversees a small empire with revenues of \$420 million. Pamplin too saw his postretirement course as a sort of duty. "God has given us certain talents," he says. "And he gave them to us to use."

more than \$1 million a year by hiring back retired workers instead of paying fees to temp agencies. What is more, says Employment Director Donald K. Deward, "we get better, more competent, dedicated and highly motivated people."

The activity and prosperity of America's retirees have not gone unnoticed on Madison Avenue. There was a time when advertisers behaved as though no one past middle age ever bought anything more durable than panty hose. No more. Few marketing experts can ignore the fact that Americans over 50 earn more than half the discretionary income in the country. Magazine publishers are betting on the favorable demographics. Norman Lear's former wife Frances, 64, will next week debut

Lear's, a glossy upscale bimonthly for women over 40. Major firms are forming special groups to study the senior market, and at least one company that offers ageless ads has opened. "My sense is we're on the leading edge right now," says Jerry Gerber of LifeSpan in Manhattan, "way out there, totally new, totally different."

In time, through sheer force of gravity, the products themselves, and not just the ads, will be shaped for an older consumer. "We have designed America to fit the size, shape and style of a country we used to be," says Gerontologist Dychtwald, "and what we used to be is young." Books and newspapers, with their tiny print, are designed for wide young

bigger than most countries. The Gray Panthers, with 80,000 members, pressure Congress on everything from health insurance to housing costs. This year the formidable gray lobby is moving full force into grass-roots presidential politics. And when it moves, the ground shakes.

In New Hampshire, leading up to primary night, the AARP mailed out 250,000 pieces of literature detailing the candidates' positions on Social Security, long-term health care and other incendiary issues. One booklet was called *You Can Select the President*—a brash enough claim, until you consider that 1984 a total of 101,000 Democrats voted in the primary and that the AARP has 145,000

the next five years. Only Republican Pete du Pont has proposed radically restructuring Social Security, a notion that George Bush boldly dismissed as a "nutty idea."

The fervor with which the elderly lobby to protect their benefits seems incongruous—and unforgivably selfish—to younger people who see only the silvery life-style of the old rich. But the AARP campaign is born of stark realities: the persistence of nasty pockets of poverty among the aged, the threat of catastrophic illness that faces every old man and woman and, above all, the prospect of cutbacks in benefits as Washington struggles to balance its budget.

The programs that the elderly are fighting to preserve were created a generation ago, when the reform-minded leaders of the 1960s vowed to protect senior citizens from the shameful destitution that had terrorized earlier generations. At the time that Lyndon Johnson launched his immense rescue mission, the Great Society, more than a quarter of all old people lived below the poverty line. In the popular imagination, being old usually meant a frail and lonely dependency, in which old women lived on cat food in spartan apartments and relied on busy children or social workers for a ride to the doctor.



eyes, as is the lighting in public places. Buttons, jars and doorknobs are obstacles to those with arthritis. Traffic lights are timed for a youthful pace. "In years to come," predicts Dychtwald, "huge industries will emerge as America changes its shape and form."

One huge industry has already emerged, based in Washington but reaching across the country: an industry of influence. Politicians for years viewed the aged as a uniform group—physically and often mentally feeble, politically compliant, socially inert. The candidate who does so now risks being trampled by what one Congressman sweetly calls the 800-lb. gorilla. The American Association of Retired Persons, with 28 million members, is

members in New Hampshire alone. A \$250,000 television ad campaign aims to get out the gray vote. "The old folks," says Political Consultant Thomas Kiley, "are showing more political muscle in this election than ever before."

The candidates have been quick to respond. Most have produced either a touching story of an aged parent or, in the case of Michael Dukakis, the real thing. Jesse Jackson, invoking Social Security's creator, tells voters that he "would rather have Franklin Roosevelt in a wheelchair than Ronald Reagan on a horse." Virtually all have come out in support of the long-term health-care bill now stalled in Congress, which, if it ever passed, would cost the Government tens of billions of dollars over

Washington waged war on poverty among the elderly through two programs that helped rich and poor alike. Congress created Medicare insurance in 1965. In 1972 it voted a 20% increase in Social Security benefits and linked them to the Consumer Price Index in an attempt to safeguard retirees from the double-digit inflation that was devastating young families. In 1980 alone, payments increased a record 14.3%. Now each month 91% of those 65 and over receive benefits totaling \$13.6 billion. The percentage of elderly people living below the poverty line has been cut from 20% in 1970 to 12% in 1984.

These outlays, combined with other sources of income, have provided many of the elderly with a sense of security that their own parents never enjoyed and that they will not relinquish without a fight. The median income of couples 65 and over in 1986 was about \$22,000, which can go a long way when mortgages are paid up, children have left home, and there are few large purchases such as appliances, to worry about. A 1984 congressional report on aging concluded, "Today

the act of retirement alone is no longer the source of poverty, isolation, and poor health it once was."

Yet for all the improvement in the condition of America's senior citizens, there is a sharp divide between the vigorous "young old," those 65 to 75, and the far frailest "old old," those 75 and up. There also remain grave disparities among ethnic groups. Nearly a third of elderly blacks live on less than \$5,300 a year. Among black women living alone, the figure is 55%. For all the creative thinking on Madison Avenue and in corporate boardrooms on how to make use of the elderly as a resource, there still needs

Living

to be a comparable response from Washington when the aged become a burden.

But many young people do not see it that way. In their view, Washington is already doing too much for aged citizens, a perception that could bring about a serious breach between the generations. Already the emerging power of America's grandparents frightens many of their children and grandchildren. Some experts forecast a costly confrontation, in which embittered young people and embattled older ones fight with the most sophisticated political weapons over ever scarcer resources. In the shorthand of demographers and journalists, the scenario is known as the age wars.

Consider the following: Martha Dierdre is 72 and worth about \$300,000. Widowed five years ago, she lives in a \$150,000 condo-

that old saying: robbing from the poor to pay the rich."

Paul does not personally blame the elderly. Few young people do, even when they sense, as they read the newspapers or go shopping for a house, that they are walking into a trap. Who is going to protect young families, they wonder, from an economic system that is eroding their living standards? Or a health system that promises at least partial care for the elderly but guarantees nothing for families with sick children? Or a political system that allows communities to outlaw residents under 19 to ensure peace and quiet—and reduce school taxes at the same time? Or a Social Security system that seems to assure only that the young will never draw out anything like the amount they are required to pay in? "I don't have

pendent Children was cut by 19% and school-meal programs by 41% between 1981 and 1984. The U.S. argues Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, may be the "first society in history in which a person is more likely to be poor if young rather than old."

Of such sentiments and statistics is the fear of an age war born. Lured by high stakes and intuitive appeal, the lobbyists are swarming around the "generational equity" issue. Three years ago, Republican Senator David Durenberger from Minnesota helped establish the youth-advocacy group AGE (Americans for Generational Equity) to advance the claims of the young and counterbalance the powerful gray lobby. "The AARP is almost totally focused on the well being of its clients," says AGE Executive Director Paul Hewitt,



minimum in Los Angeles, drives an Audi, consults her broker weekly, and plays bridge on Tuesdays over tea and crumpets. Her most solemn ritual takes place at the beginning of each month, when she walks to her bank and deposits a \$420 Social Security check. She thinks of her husband, a warehouseman who worked hard and saved for 30 years. "A deal is a deal is a deal," she declares. "I don't care what I'm worth; that money is mine."

Dierdre's only grandchild Paul earns \$16,000 a year working at a lumberyard in Portland, Ore. His wife Karen brings in an additional \$6,000 as a part-time secretary. Since they cannot afford a house, they rent a two-bedroom apartment for \$500 a month, where they raise their three-year-old daughter. They too have a ritual. Every two weeks, when they deposit their paychecks, they agonize over the 7% deduction for Social Security tax and wonder if they will ever see that money again—unless, of course, they visit Grandma. "This whole system just beats the hell out of me," says Paul, 27. "It's like

a grudge against older people collecting Social Security because the Government told them to expect it," says Law Student Jeffrey Rosen, 28. "But what about us? Something has got to be done."

Jeffrey's is a generation that viewed progress as an American birthright, only to discover its expectations vastly exceed its prospects. For the past 15 years, even as their parents grew more financially secure, young workers have faced declining real wages, rising taxes, high interest rates and prohibitive housing costs. At times, the Government seems to be conspiring against them. During the Reagan Administration, payments to the elderly have risen 35%, so that now more than a quarter of all Government spending goes to the 12% of the population who are 65 or older. Meanwhile, America's infant-mortality rate remains one of the highest among industrialized nations, and one in five children lives in poverty. While Social Security remains off limits, Aid to Families with De-

"but they are going to have to address ways to avoid putting unbearable burdens on the baby boomers' children." Other youth advocates in Congress are also sharpening their blades. John Porter, Republican Representative from Illinois, for example, calls the budget deficit an exercise in "fiscal child abuse."

When the social costs of the age quake—the arrival of the baby boomers into their golden years—are tallied, the figures become even more alarming. The \$50 billion spent on health care for the old when Reagan came into office is expected to reach \$200 billion by the year 2000. Between 1980 and 2040, experts project a 160% increase in physician visits by the elderly, a 200% rise in days of hospital care, a 280% growth in the number of nursing-home residents. Between now and the year 2000, a new 220-bed nursing home will have to be opened every day just to keep even with demand. Without a change in the present system, pension and health-care costs will account for more than 60% of the federal budget by 2040.



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Living

So who is going to pay for America to grow old? With each advancement in medical technology, the possibility of extending people's lives increases. Who is to decide who should get the organ transplant or have first access to kidney-dialysis machines? The questions have fired a debate about what society owes its elderly, what should constitute a natural life-span and how far doctors should go to keep elderly patients alive. Medical ethicist Daniel Callahan, 57, suggests that health involves more than preventing death. "We should seek to advance research and health care that increase not the length of life," he argues, "but the quality of life of the elderly."

Senior citizens deeply resent critics who seem to begrudge them their independence or imply that anyone ever got rich on a \$500-a-month check. Many retirees worked hard, lived frugally and saved carefully to guard against the nightmare of a destitute old age. And while it is true the elderly consume roughly a third of the nation's medical resources, Medicare cannot begin to cover all the costs of a long illness. Already senior citizens pay three times as much out of their own pockets for health care as the young do. They view their benefits as a right, not a windfall. "I spent years away from my family fighting in Europe," says Roger Davis, 68, of Los Angeles. "Don't tell me the nation doesn't owe me something in my old age."

Such attitudes rile policymakers who are charged with slashing billions of dollars out of already hard-hit social programs. While no one proposes cutting off the truly needy, those lobbying for reform point out that thousands of millionaires receive a monthly check. Argues Horace Brock, president of Strategic Economic Decisions Inc. in Menlo Park, Calif.: "There may have been a social contract that what you put in you get back, but not six times what you put in." Unless the system is revamped, he warns, when the baby boomers reach retirement age, Social Security will be in jeopardy. Just as alarming, the trust fund that supports the hospital-insurance part of Medicare could be bankrupt by 2002.

That prospect worries older people as well as the young. In fact the reason Social Security is unlikely to ignite an age war is that many elderly people acknowledge its flaws and admit the system needs to be changed, while many young people support its basic principles. Even some lobbyists for the aged privately accept the need to adjust Social Security, by raising the age of eligibility or taxing benefits for the wealthy, as part of a drastic deficit-reduc-

tion plan. While many retirees defend Social Security, they are horrified by the legacy of a \$2 trillion debt they will leave behind. "The interest on it is about \$1,000 a second," says George Toll, 82, of Long Beach, Calif. "That's why I worry about my grandchildren."

Such signs of mutual concern and interdependence reassure social scientists and policymakers. In fact the whole age-war scenario, some charge, is a political distortion, designed to stir up passion and protest about what should be an issue not of age but of social justice. "I don't think it should ever be put in terms of equity, that

for the elderly. And there is no indication in the future that families will abandon them." The notion of an age war rings false with many experts who work with both the elderly and their children. "Adult children spend a lot of time caring; they make a lot of personal sacrifices," says Dr. Carl Eisner, of the University of Miami. The support goes both ways. In fact private transfers of money and assets within families are just as likely, if not more likely to take place from old to young. "The traditional generosity of grandparents," says Author Lydia Bronte, formerly of the Carnegie Corporation, "now takes the form of helping with college tuition, down payment on a house, furniture—not just a check every Christmas."

So how will America adjust to its growing pains? It is possible that advances in science, steady economic growth, better education and some courageous and creative politics will allow the nation to mature gracefully. The signs of interdependence and cooperation encourage policymakers, who agree that a family is a far better source of compassion than a federal agency, however well funded. With that in mind, some politicians are urging that Congress consider tax breaks for families responsible for the care of an elderly parent. Others are lobbying for a broader national health plan that would provide care for the young and old alike.

Corporations too are looking for ways to support workers who are burdened by care-giving obligations. Such benefits, they expect, will raise productivity, reduce absenteeism and allow them to hang on to valued employees who might otherwise quit. Travelers Corp. has offered lunchtime support groups, flexible time hours and an information fair for employees to meet with social service experts. PepsiCo provides seminars and a handbook on care of the elderly. Remington Products Inc., of Bridgeport, Conn., pays half the cost of parent sitters who can take over for employees on evenings and weekends.

Within many schools and communities, leaders are exploring ways to bring together retirees with skills and time to spare and young people in need of training and guidance. With the encouragement of the First Lady, the Foster Grandparent program is expanding rapidly. The assumption that one generation can serve as a resource rather than a rival to another, most advocates on both sides would agree, holds far more promise than any call to arms. —By Nancy R. Gibbs. Reported by Jon D. Hall/Los Angeles, Jeanne McDowell and Jeannie Park/New York



Liz Carpenter and pals take to the hot tub in Salado, Texas: "Aging has become very stylish. All the best people are doing it!"

there is a choice between the elderly and children," argues Alan Pifer, co-editor of *Our Aging Society*. "There are many other questions." The central issue, these experts agree, is how to protect those in society who are most vulnerable, regardless of age. "The 'intergenerational equity' debate," insists Ronald Pollack, executive director of the Villen Foundation, an advocacy group for the elderly, "is a diversionary and dangerous sideshow."

That view is supported by opinion polls, which reveal that most children are grateful for Social Security because it relieves them of some of the responsibility for taking care of their elders. Some, but not all. Financial responsibility is only one of several kinds, and perhaps not the most burdensome. An ailing parent, even in a distant city, can take an emotional toll on adult children. In many cases the parent may be living in the same town—or the same house. Already, says Fordham's Marjorie Cantor, former president of the Gerontological Society, "the family is the major source of support



Aiming to stay healthy longer: a 72-year-old former engineer works out with weights at a Dallas hospital cardiovascular-and-fitness center

Older—but Coming on Strong

Aging no longer has to mean sickness, senility and sexlessness

Doctors who specialize in treating old people delight in telling the story of a 90-year-old man named Morris who has a complaint about his left knee. Says his exasperated physician: "For heaven's sake, at your age what do you expect?" Rejoins Morris feistily: "Now look here, Doc, my right knee is also 90, and it doesn't hurt." It is an apocryphal tale with a pointed message. As long as anyone can remember, old age and disability have been paired as naturally and inevitably as the horse and carriage or death and taxes. After all, advancing years have been seen by most people as an inexorable slide into illness, impotence and immobility.

No longer. Nowadays America's seniors are giving the lie to that grim vision. Fully half of all people now 75 to 84 are free of health problems that require special care or that curb their activities, according to surveys. Says Sociologist Bernice Neugarten of Northwestern University: "Even in the very oldest group, those above 85, more than one-third report no limitation due to health." Declares Dr. Richard Besdine, director of the aging center at the University of Connecticut:

"Aging doesn't necessarily mean a life that is sick, senile, sexless, spent or sessile."

That more cheerful view of growing old is gaining currency mainly because of the rapidly expanding scientific discipline of gerontology. Modern studies of the aging process involve everyone from laboratory researchers examining brain tissue to nutritionists interviewing nonagenarians to physicians specializing in treating the elderly. The goal of gerontology is not to extend the upper limit of human life—now about 115 to 120 years of age—but to make the lives of the elderly less burdensome, physically and more rewarding emotionally. "The new focus," says Dr. John Rowe, director of the division on aging at Harvard Medical School, "is not on life-span but on health-span."

Although still in its infancy, gerontology has produced major revisions in doctors' understanding of how people grow old. Explains Dr. T. Franklin Williams, director of the National Institute on Aging: "It's the diseases that we acquire in later years that really cause the deterioration of functions." Or, as Dr. Robert Butler of Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City puts it, "Disease, not age, is the villain." The good news is that in many instances, physical disorders

that afflict the aging can be effectively treated. Today even multiple afflictions do not necessarily incapacitate a person. Citing the case of a man of 75 who has diabetes, heart disease and a history of cancer, Rowe points out, "You can't tell me whether that man is in a nursing home or sitting on the Supreme Court."

How long and how well one lives, of course, depend in part on heredity. The chances of blowing out 85 candles go up 5% with each parent or grandparent who has passed that milestone. A family history of certain ailments, such as breast or colon cancer, heart disease, depression or alcoholism, extends the risk of developing such problems. Increasingly, though, researchers believe personal habits and environmental influences may hold the key to why some people are more "successful" at aging than are others. "You find a tremendous variability between individuals," observes Rowe. "The older people become, the less alike they become."

Many of the fears people have about aging are greatly exaggerated. Senility is probably the most dreaded of all debilitating, yet only about 15% of those over 65 suffer serious mental impairment. Alz-

heimer's disease, now considered the scourge of old age, accounts for more than half that total. For much of the remainder, mental impairment from conditions such as heart disease, liver or thyroid trouble and dietary deficiency is either reversible or preventable.

Another frequently overlooked culprit: overmedication. Nearly 80% of people 65 and older have at least one chronic condition (top four: arthritis, high blood pressure, hearing impairment, heart disease); about one-third have three or more. To combat their problems, they rely on a battery of over-the-counter and prescription drugs. The majority of people in this age group use more than five medications, and 10% take more than twelve. Interactions among drugs, as well as too much of some drugs, can cause a host of complications, from mental confusion to slowed blood clotting to disturbance of the heart's rhythm.

Depression, often mistaken for senility, or dementia, is by far the single most ignored disorder among the elderly. About 15% of older people suffer from the condition, double the figure for the general population; the elderly have the highest suicide rate of any age group. Drugs account for some of the high incidence of depression. But the old are also more vulnerable because they have suffered more major stresses, including the deaths of spouses or friends, living alone, retirement from a job, serious illness. The classic symptoms of depression—guilt, hopelessness, sleeplessness, lack of appetite, and suicidal thoughts—are more likely to be noticed in younger people because they are so out of character. But families and doctors too often overlook depression in the elderly. The warning signs may sometimes be subtle: headaches, stomach ailments, vague complaints of not feeling right. And there is always the tendency to dismiss the signals as normal aging, just old folks' crankiness. When depression is recognized, counseling and drugs successfully treat three-quarters of the cases.

Flagging libido and sexual ability have also been wrongly equated with advancing years. Women supposedly lose interest in sex after menopause; in fact, desire normally remains strong throughout life. The dampening of sexual urges often results from physical problems, such as hot flashes and vaginal dryness, which may be alleviated by estrogen therapy, lubricants and attention to nutrition and exercise. Older men, for their part, routinely accept continued impotence as normal. It is not. As a man ages, he does need more time to achieve an erection. But almost all im-



An 89-year-old stretches out in Milwaukee.

potence, whether psychological or physical, is reversible. Among the common physical causes: diabetes, heart disease and chronic alcohol abuse.

Yet another widely held fear is that wear and tear on the joints inevitably leads to painful and immobilizing arthritis. Yes, there is a wearing down of the cartilage pads that cushion bones, but less than half of those over 65 whose X rays show degenerative arthritic changes suf-

fer symptoms. Many of the aches and pains attributed to acute arthritis, doctors say, have more to do with weakening muscles than creaky joints. People with some joint damage fare better when they engage in regular moderate exercise, such as walking or swimming.

Aging, however, is hardly a benign process. Acknowledges Dr. Christine Cassel of the University of Chicago: "By and large, the changes are decremental. Every organ is losing reserve capacity." That means a decline in the ability to recover from physical stresses. A 60-year-old and a 20-year-old who race around the block may start out with the same pulse rate, notes Vincent Cristofalo, director of the University of Pennsylvania's center for the study of aging. "Even when they stop," he notes, "their pulses may be only a little different. The big difference will be in how long it takes for each person's pulse rate to return to normal."

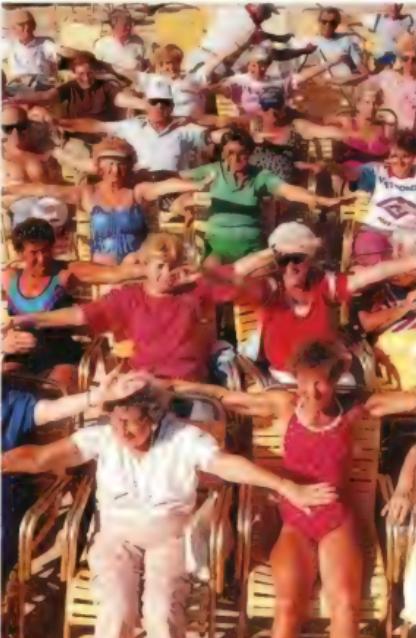
Slowed recovery has a profound impact when it comes to illness. With advancing years, bones take longer to knit, wounds to heal and infections to clear up. Ultimately, says Cassel, the difference is that a "healthy young person can lose a lung, a kidney and do fine. And so too an old person can be doing fine. But then he has a stroke, a heart attack, whatever. Because of the stress, it's much more likely that all the major organs will go one after the other."

There are some striking physiological changes that accompany age. Among them:

► The immune system starts to decline at around age 30. For instance, white blood cells that fight off invaders, such as viruses and bacteria, lose their effectiveness as a person gets older. The gradual weakening of the immune system makes it harder to stave off illness.

► Metabolism begins to slow at around age 25. For each decade thereafter, the number of calories required to maintain one's weight drops by at least 2%. Muscle mass gradually shrinks. As a result, people tend to get fatter. Kidneys may lose up to 50% of their efficiency between ages 30 and 80. Some of the liver's functions may decline. Thus alcohol remains in the body longer. So do drugs, a fact doctors are beginning to consider in deciding on dosages for older patients.

► Lungs lose on the average 30% to 50% of their maximum breathing capacity between ages 30 and 80. Blood vessels lose elasticity, though the heart stays astonishingly well preserved. Notes Cardiologist Jerome Fleg of the National Institute on Aging: "The



Sun, fun and keeping fit: sit-down exercise at Deerfield Beach, Fla.
Many fears people have about aging are exaggerated.

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Living

heart of a normal 80-year-old can pump blood as effectively under stress as that of a normal 30-year-old."

► Bone mass reaches its peak in the 30s for both men and women, then begins to drop by about 1% a year. In women the rate surges for a few years after menopause. About 24 million Americans, the vast majority of them women, develop osteoporosis, a condition in which the bones become dangerously thin and fragile. Brittle bones are the major cause of the fractures, particularly of the hip, that cripple many of the elderly. Alcohol and tobacco use accelerates bone thinning. Another reason to stop smoking: women who use tobacco reach menopause about two years earlier than women who do not.

► The senses flag. Taste diminishes as the nose loses its sense of smell (odor accounts for about 80% of overall flavor sensation). The loss of taste can lead to lack of appetite and sometimes to serious nutritional deficiencies. Hearing fades, particularly in the high-frequency range, and processing of information slows. Vision begins deteriorating at about 40. The pupil shrinks, reducing the amount of light reaching the retina. An 80-year-old's retina receives only about a sixth of the light that a 20-year-old's does. The lens hardens and clouds. More than half of those 60 and older have some cataract formation.

► Changes occur in the skin. The topmost layer, or epidermis, becomes dry and blemished. The middle layer, or dermis, thins dramatically, making the skin seem translucent, and becomes much less elastic and supportive. These changes, along with loss of fat from the underlying subcutaneous layer, cause the skin to sag and wrinkle. Drinking, smoking and suntanning speed up these processes. With less fat and a decline in the activity of sweat glands, the skin becomes a less efficient regulator of body temperature. The result: older people have a harder time staying warm and cooling off. Protective pigment-forming cells that absorb the sun's harmful rays are reduced by 10% to 20% for each decade of life, thus increasing susceptibility to skin cancers.

► The need for sleep gradually diminishes. Newborns sleep 16 to 18 hours a day; by age 65, three to six hours a night, perhaps with a nap during the day, is typically all that is necessary. The quality of sleep changes, becoming lighter and more fitful. Shorter, restless nights lead many who recall the easy slumber of youth to complain of insomnia. As a result, half of

elderly women and one-quarter of elderly men take largely unneeded sleeping pills.

► The brain loses an average of about 20% of its weight, but as Neurologist David Drachman of the University of Massachusetts points out, "there is redundancy in the brain. It's like the lights in Times Square. Suppose you turn off 20% of the bulbs: you'll still get the message." Speed of recall and mental performance slow, but essential skills remain intact. Researchers speculate that memory loss among the elderly may be something of a self-fulfilling

A and C, such as broccoli and cantaloupe.

Though some vitamin or mineral supplements may be beneficial, experts warn that taking excessive doses of nutrients is dangerous. Moreover, the combination of too much of a supplement and certain medications can cause trouble. For example, excessive vitamin E by itself can lead to diarrhea and skin rashes. Taken with certain blood-thinning drugs, large doses of vitamin E can trigger severe internal bleeding.

Exercise, at least half an hour three times a week, is an important aid to controlling weight, keeping bones strong, building muscle strength, conditioning the heart and lungs and relieving stress. Declares Physiologist William Evans of the U.S. Department of Agriculture-Tufts University center on aging: "There is no group in our population that can benefit more from exercise than senior citizens. For a young person, exercise can increase physical function by perhaps 10%. But in an old person you can increase it by 50%." The advice is catching on: a Gallup poll taken at the end of last year found that 47% of those 65 and older regularly engage in some form of exercise.

Such seniors are living proof that aging is not synonymous with illness, that increasing years do not necessarily lessen desires or capabilities. That is a welcome surprise, particularly to the old. Muses Margaret Strothers Thomas, 72, a retired teacher from Philadelphia: "As a child I used to look at older people, and they were bent over, stooped and complaining. I can't believe that when you reach the age that you've feared you feel great." Achieving better health for longer requires a continual alertness to false assumptions about old age, whether they come from family, friends, doctors or the old. Declares Thomas: "I have lived so many years, but I'm not old. I have a very positive outlook on life."

More of such moxie is in order. Resignation exacts as heavy a toll on the road to old age as disease or poor habits, warn gerontologists, who stress the importance of cultivating new interests and staying mentally engaged. That view is shared by no less an authority than Comedian George Burns. "People practice to get old," he avers. "The minute they get to be 65 or 70, they sit down slow, they get into a car with trouble. They start taking small steps." Burns stays young by taking fearless strides. He plans to play the London Palladium on his 100th birthday—eight years from now.

—By Anastasia Toufexis.

Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Dick Thompson/Washington



A 78-year-old retiree relaxes after bike ride in South Miami.
Good habits may explain why some age more "successfully."

prophecy. Old people are supposed to have memory problems, so they may be more aware of, and bothered by, occasional lapses than are younger people.

So far, gerontologists have no surefire prescription for staying healthy longer, but they do make some strong recommendations: stay out of the sun, cut back on drinking and stop smoking. They stress that it is never too late to adopt better habits. A person of 70 who stops smoking immediately reduces the risk of developing heart disease. The elderly should follow general principles of a sound diet: avoid foods rich in cholesterol and saturated fat, such as eggs and beef, and eat more chicken and fish. Seniors should stress high-fiber foods, including whole-grain cereals and many fruits, and items rich in vitamins



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People



Swinging scrimmage: Big Bird and Giants Lenteta, Nelson, Ingram and Banks on set of *Sesame Street, Special*

They proved they could strut their stuff across the end zone with their 1987 Super Bowl video. Now you can catch a quartet of **New York Giants** belting out the blues with **Big Bird** and the home team from *Sesame Street*. For *Sesame Street, Special*, which airs on PBS next month, Giants **Carl Banks**, **Mark Ingram**, **Sean Lenteta** and **Karl Nelson** join Singer **Paul Simon**, Violinist **Itzhak Perlman** and Actors **Danny DeVito** and **Jeremy Irons** for a swinging session called "Put Down the Duckie." The grand finale: a barnyard suite with Conductor **Seiji Ozawa** leading an orchestra of chickens.

ducks, cows and dogs. Sounds like a howling success.

Her impassioned call to break down the social and sexual barriers preventing women from realizing "their basic need to grow and fulfill their potentialities as human beings" launched the modern feminist movement. But at a party celebrating the 25th anniversary of *The Feminine Mystique* in Los Angeles last week, Author **Betty Friedan**, 67, made it clear that the fight for women's rights is not over. "The book is still valid today. Daughters had better read it because a new feminine mystique is trying to send women home again," she told a group of 200 friends and well-wishers. Nevertheless, Friedan, who is completing a book called *The Fountain of Age*, remains optimistic: "I think the second stage and other stages to follow will deliver us to new problems," she says, adding, "They are so much more fun than the old ones."

He has yet to meet his match in the ring, but Heavyweight Boxing Champ **Mike Tyson**, 21, had to go two rounds last week for a unanimous decision on his marriage to Actress **Robin Givens**, 23. Tyson and Givens, who stars in ABC-TV's *Head of the Class*, first tied the knot in a Roman

Catholic ceremony in Chicago. "This is worse than a fight," Givens recalls Tyson saying. The busy groom could not wait for an Illinois marriage license, however, so two days later the pair repeated their vows in a civil service in New York City.

Written when the author was "sick and strapped," *A Full Life* is about a madcap girl who blows herself up with dynamite. After fizzling in the magazine marketplace, the short story disappeared until University of Pennsylvania Professor **James L.W. West III** discovered it in the Princeton library "by pure serendipity." Now *A Full Life* has been published for the first time by the *Princeton University Library Chronicle* (circ. 1,400). "It's bizarre. It's almost macabre," says West. Or, as Fitzgerald's hero imagined it, "He was forever haunted by the picture of the girl floating slowly out over the city at dusk, buoyed up by a delicious air, by a quintessence of golden hope, like a soaring and unstable stock issue."

He may have lost the battle over his nomination to the Supreme Court, but last week **Robert Bork** was continuing the war of words on the lecture circuit. In his first public appearance since quitting the Federal Court of Appeals,



Beauty and the boxer: Newlyweds Tyson and Givens

Later that night, Tyson and **Tony Tubbs** held a news conference to announce their March 21 bout in Tokyo, but all eyes were on Mrs. Tyson and her five-carat diamond ring. She is, after all, a real knockout.

"I wish you could work the story out without having the girl a mental case," grumbled his literary agent, **Harold Ober**, but neither he nor anyone else knew back in 1937 how bored **F. Scott Fitzgerald** was with his once popular flapper heroines.

Bork told a crowd of 2,600 at Pennsylvania's Grove City College that Senator **Edward Kennedy** and various liberal organizations had distorted his views for their partisan ends. Said he: "I was a symbol they needed to destroy." But Bork, who received an estimated \$10,000 to \$15,000 for the speech, has not lost his sense of humor. Joked the jurist of his new career: "Who wouldn't like to hear George Armstrong Custer's version of what happened at Little Big Horn?"

—By Guy D. Garcia



Friedan: enduring mystique

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Books

Just Before the Sands Ran Out

THE LIFE OF MY CHOICE by Wilfred Thesiger; Norton; 459 pages; \$25

Wilfred Thesiger was born in June 1910 in a mud building in Addis Ababa. His father was the British Minister to Abyssinia (now Ethiopia), and his mother, an Irish beauty, seems to have had a knack for prophetic understatement. "My mother," says Thesiger early in this autobiography, "always maintained that the first words I said were 'Go yay,' which meant 'Go away.'"

Which is what Thesiger has been saying and doing in a big way for more than

Valley escarpment. The shelter has a concrete floor, wire-mesh windows, no electricity and no well. There is a separate sleeping hut that the author shares with up to 15 villagers and tribal friends who, he notes, "snore like elephants."

The local Samburu and Turkana tribesmen call Thesiger "Mzee Juu, the Great One. Should he die among them, they would give him the customary funeral: the body is tossed down the escarpment for the hyenas. Passersby would



Thesiger at Kenya's Great Rift Valley escarpment: human nature in its crucible

half a century. His adventures as an explorer and soldier in the legendary tradition of Sir Richard Burton and T.E. Lawrence are recorded in his books *Arabian Sands* (1959), *The Marsh Arabs* (1964) and *The Last Nomad* (1980). These celebrated works are distinguished by a direct and bone-dry style that balances Thesiger's luxuriantly romantic relish for tribal peoples and desolate places. *The Life of My Choice* says goodbye to all that and good riddance to the 20th century and its airships, land vehicles and instant communication, which destroyed the silence and threaten a world Thesiger saw just in time.

Now 77, this sun-creased survivor of courted hardships and invited dangers spends most of his time in northwestern Kenya, near the village of Maralal. There, TIME Correspondent James Wilde found Thesiger living simply in a mud-caulked house with a distant view of the Great Rift

Valley escarpment. The shelter has a concrete floor, wire-mesh windows, no electricity and no well. There is a separate sleeping hut that the author shares with up to 15 villagers and tribal friends who, he notes, "snore like elephants."

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hospitability, which flourishes best in the most inhospitable terrain.

The Life of My Choice leaves no doubt that Thesiger had plenty to choose from. What better beginning for a spirited boy than a privileged African childhood during the confident Edwardian age? While nine-year-olds in Britain listened to tales of adventure, young Wilfred lived them. "My brother Brian and I watched the Shoaan armies as they went north to give battle to Negus Mikael and his Woilo hordes," he writes. "All were armed—some with rifles, others with spears, while nearly all wore swords and carried shields."

Not long after, the future vagabond and his brother were sent to boarding school in England where, he recalls, "as English boys who had had rarely heard of cricket we were natural targets." Classmates branded him a liar when he told them of warriors and lion hunts. He rejected. He withdrew into primal memories of Abyssinia.

Thesiger did not return to his birthplace until 1930. Haile Selassie, a friend of his late father's, invited him to attend his coronation. The feudal pageantry of the occasion has been described with condescending vividness by Evelyn Waugh, then a correspondent for Fleet Street. By contrast, Thesiger notes sadly that during his absence of eleven years, "the age-old splendour of Abyssinia" had been fading. The Emperor's bodyguard wore khaki: the palace secretaries were in tailcoats. Thesiger met the celebrated author of *Vile Bodies* and found him foppish and petulant. He refused Waugh's request to accompany him on an expedition among the touchy Danakil. "Had he come," he adds menacingly, "I suspect only one of us would have returned."

During the next 50 years, Thesiger repeatedly put his life at risk. His safaris into unmapped regions were frequently threatened by bandits and tribesmen who had a tendency to kill and castrate strangers. On the staff of a British district commission in the Sudan, he was regularly called on to shoot cattle-killing lions. He did so on foot, sharing great dangers with villagers armed only with spears. During World War II he fought Italians in Ethiopia; in Libya he took part in raids on German encampments and communications as part of a jeep-mounted guerrilla unit.

Thesiger's greatest adventures came after the war in the vast deserts of southern Arabia, where for five years he traveled with the Bedouin. They receive his highest praise: "I knew I could not match them in physical endurance, but, with my family background, Eton, Oxford, the Sudan Political Service, I did perhaps think I would match them in civilized behaviour." That they do not make men like Thesiger anymore is obvious. That men like Thesiger were always as rare as water beds in the Sahara is gloriously evident in his proud and courtly autobiography.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

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tool that's as fresh as stimulating game encounter with current teachers are mailed a computer disk with questions based on the current issue of TIME. The answers are clues to a larger puzzle. And since the game is based on TIME stories, NewsQuest promotes reading skills.

Books

False Idols

MONEY AND CLASS IN AMERICA

by Lewis H. Lapham
Weidenfeld & Nicolson
244 pages: \$18.95

The love of money is the root of all evil. Money cannot buy happiness. Many writers would be abashed at the prospect of wringing anything new or interesting out of these hoary maxims. Not Lewis H. Lapham, the editor of *Harper's* magazine and a regular contributor to it as well, whose *Money and Class in America* amusingly roams over the glitzy terrain of contemporary consumerism. Lapham of course rephrases old adages. *Radix malorum est cupiditas* becomes "It isn't the money itself that causes the trouble, but rather the use of money as votive ritual and pagan ornament." Wealth's inability to provide lasting cheer is limned anew: "Believing that they can buy the future and make time stand still, the faithful fall victim to a nameless and stupefying dread."

Lapham, 53, speaks with some authority, since he has spent much of his life in nodding acquaintance with the rich. He grew up in a well-to-do, influential San Francisco family, and he attended schools (Hotchkiss, Yale) where mixing with the scions of wealth was hard to avoid. After choosing journalism as his life's work, he discovered that financiers, corporate chiefs and politicians were happy to let him trail along in their retinues. Lapham's background and his access to the mighty have given him a privileged perch from which to view the past few decades of U.S. history. He believes he has seen something new, and he is not happy about it: "I think it fair to say that the current ardor of the American faith in money easily surpasses the degrees of intensity achieved by other societies in other times and places."

He is probably right. At the very least, his sober jeremiad is punctuated by numerous up-to-date examples of wretched excess: for coats for Cabbage Patch dolls, a stretch limousine for rent in Los Angeles that boasts a hot tub and a helicopter pad, a Manhattan interior decorator who charges his clients \$500 to toss throw pillows artistically around a drawing room. The customers for these esoteric goods and services spring from what Lapham calls the "equestrian class," which has multiplied impressively during the decades of postwar American prosperity and which "comprises all those who can afford to ride rather than walk and who can



Lapham

TIME
NEWSQUEST
THE WEEKLY COMPUTER CHALLENGE

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buy any or all of the baubles that constitute the proofs of social status. As with the ancient Romans, the rank is for sale."

Bashing the rich has always made for rib-tickling entertainment, and this book is no exception. Lapham effectively ridicules the widespread notion that money is omnipotent and can make everything all right: "Given the current expectations among an increasingly rich and fastidious clientele it is entirely plausible to imagine a dissatisfied traveler to Florida bringing a lawsuit against the sun." But tireless denials of the infinite efficacy of wealth ultimately cost the author his sense of humor, and he begins to manifest the mania he condemns, in looking-glass fashion. The "civil religion" of unbridled capitalism makes everything awful to him. Among his complaints: the plethora of soaps and deodorizing products available to U.S. consumers, the lamentable historical and geographic illiteracy of most Americans, and the fact that Hollywood actresses feel the need to dress down or otherwise disguise themselves before venturing out alone in public.

Money grubbing simply will not explain all these phenomena. False idols raise some deeper questions about the people who conceive and swear by them. Lapham understands this, but his fixation on the ruinously addling idea of riches leaves him little time for explanations or the formulation of a higher system of values. His diatribe eventually comes to resemble an item of the consumer culture: amusing, momentarily appealing and supererogatory.

—By Paul Gray

Call It Sleep

THE IMMORTAL BARTFUSS

by Aharon Appelfeld

Translated by Jeffrey M. Green
Weidenfeld & Nicolson

137 pages, \$15.95

Like water running over stone, the novels of Aharon Appelfeld slowly make a deep impression. *Badenheim 1939* (1980), *The Age of Wonders* (1982), *To the Land of the Cattails* (1986) are imperceptibly abrasive, patient and stubborn in their scourings. Appelfeld's recurring subject is daily life just before and after Hitler's war against the Jews. The central crimes of the period need no enhancement, having been passed directly into the stream of conscience by the unadorned testimony of the survivors.

Appelfeld is one himself. Born in 1932 in a part of Rumania that now belongs to the Soviet Union, he was sent, with his father, to a labor camp in the Ukraine. The eight-year-old boy escaped and, during three years reminiscent of Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*, roamed the countryside in the guise of a shepherd. He lived mainly alone and in silence, fearing what the peasants might do to him if they learned that he was a fugitive Jew. After the war, he made his way to a displaced-persons camp in Italy. In 1948 he arrived in Palestine.

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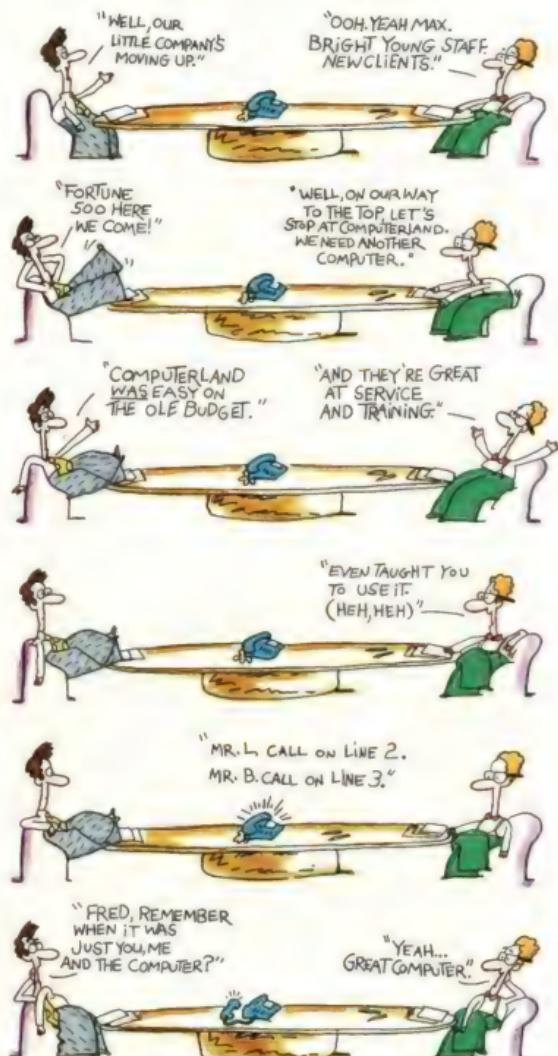
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Books

Forty years later, Appelfeld is regarded as one of Israel's best novelists—though not necessarily its most typical. Living in a nation whose people have aggressively reversed the role of outsider and helpless victim, he still writes what he describes as a literature of uprootedness. In his new novel, *The Immortal Bartfuss*, the concept of a Jewish homeland is not relevant. Bartfuss, the emotionally anesthetized protagonist, does not even have a proper home. He sleeps in a room apart from a wife he avoids and two daughters he scarcely knows. Bartfuss is some sort of underworld trader who keeps his money hidden in a box that his family cannot find. His business hours evidently are erratic and short, because he spends most of his time gazing at the sea from a Jaffa beach or sitting in cafés drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes.

Yet this secretive, brooding man is also spoken of as a hero and immortal because, some say, he carries 50 bullets in his body. Who fired them is not clear. More apparent is the author's intention to give a mythic nudge to a character whose life seems mundane and wearisome.

In the absence of historical references, an active plot and sharp conflict, the novel is vulnerable to interpretation. Is Bartfuss a wandering Jew in, of all places, Zion? Is his folkloric deathlessness the author's way of saying that, even with their own nation, Jews are eternally restless and unsettled? Or is Bartfuss just suffering from post-Holocaust syndrome: a feeling of withdrawal and loneliness, and an inclination toward "morbid precision, excess awareness, complicated pain"?

Good fiction can survive reductive quizzing, and *The Immortal Bartfuss* is more than passably good. Appelfeld quietly works the particulars and lets the generalizations take care of themselves. The half-light of early mornings and the battenning darkness of late nights are the dominant tones of the book. Bartfuss's thoughts and feelings—about his hateful wife, his distant daughters, the treasure hidden in the basement—have the cool clarity of the day's most private hours.

Appelfeld's prose has the quality of light sleep, an uneasy alertness in which the past is like a fading dream ("Nothing was left of those dark days except twitches, remnants of nightmares, grimaces, and scraps of words") and the present a sudden, painful awareness: "In the next room Rosa and Bridget were still sleeping. The windows of the apartment were closed, and the heavy throbbing of their sleep could be felt even in the kitchen. Their forgotten existence awoke inside him for a moment and then passed away." Of such mortal moments is the immortal Bartfuss made and remembered. —R.Z.S.



Appelfeld

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Junior Achievement

Technology

Living-Room Cinema Deluxe

Laser discs grab the leading edge for at-home movies

This may not be the best kind of consumer bulletin for straitened economic times, but be warned: It's time to consider moving the family VCR over and making room for another piece of equipment.

Now if movies are a casual family pleasure and everyone is happy renting tapes from the nearest video outlet, there is no immediate threat or sweat. But for people who like to own movies, who bought any of the 35.4 million theatrical films sold on cassette in 1987, who spent any fraction of the \$637.2 million raked in by video distributors, a fresh temptation is at hand. Laser videodiscs, compact discs with pictures, have such a clear picture and such a rush of sound that they make even the best-quality videotapes look shoddy. In many cases they are as good as what is onscreen at the local multiplex. Sometimes they are better.

"It's kind of a sexy technology," says William Mechanic, president of Worldwide Video Operations at the Disney studio. "Laser vision is different stuff," says Robert Stein, whose Los Angeles-based Voyager Company turns out definitive disc versions of classics like *Citizen Kane* and contemporary gems like *Blade Runner*. "We're talking about radical technology." Technology, it should be added, that has been around for almost a decade. Laser discs hit the market in the late '70s and promptly took a commercial trouncing from the VCR. Laser players could not record, and, in the words of Warner Home Video's president Warren Lieberfarb, "it was a simple conflict for the consumer: Why buy a machine that only plays back when you can get one, for the same price, that records too?"

"Laser buffs have a simple answer," says Douglas Pratt, editor of the lively monthly *Laser Disc Newsletter* and author of *The Laser Video Disc Companion* (New York Zoetrope: \$16.95), which reviews more than half of the approximately 2,000 titles available in America. "We say, 'Got

a turntable at home? That doesn't record either.'" Despite its clear technical superiority and the fact that movies on disc often retail for 50% less than tape, laser still went for a rough ride in the marketplace. Both RCA and MCA pulled the plug on their separate videodisc ventures in the early '80s, which fed consumers to the misconception that the technology had gone bust. Pioneer Electronics, which manufactures virtually all the laser players sold in the U.S., soldiered on alone, going into the software business as well, but discs remained mostly the playthings of film fans and technofreaks until CDs revolutionized the audio market. "The triumph of the CD is giving the laser-disc industry a tremendous help," says Kenichi Ohmae, a top management consultant in Tokyo. Voyager's Robert Stein is blunter: "At the consumer level, CDs completely saved the ass of laser discs."

Laser uses the same basic technology as CDs and delivers the same clarity and impact. Laser players (which start in the U.S. for a little over \$400) have friendlier features than VCRs, and the latest models—"combi machines"—can play both compact and laser discs. These newly available combis will likely heat up the laser market even further. In Japan, where the laser business is now valued at \$1.5 billion, the major electronics companies are gearing up for a grand-scale manufacturing push, and Sony will start to sell its laser-disc player in the U.S. this spring.

The attraction of laser for buffs is not simply how much better the technology makes films look and sound. There is material available on laser that cannot be had on tape. In Japan, films as various as *Once upon a Time in America*, *The Mission*, *El Cid* and *Poltergeist* are available not only in English but in their original wide-screen format. All three *Star Wars* movies have been released in a special edition that boasts not only the full image (which had been cropped for tape and broadcast TV) but also a wall-shattering digital sound



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Technology

track. Stateside, Warner and Universal-MCA make ravishing discs fresher than any print to be seen in a revival house. With a little prodding from Laser Fan Steven Spielberg, Warner has released its version of *The Color Purple* with its image uncropped and intact. The same version is available on tape, but it lacks the sparkle and force of laser.

Voyager, however, makes discs that establish a world-class technical standard while also adding appreciably to film scholarship. Co-Founder Stein, 42, sees Voyager's Criterion Collection as something like the Modern Library for the video age. Its editions of such classics as *Swing Time*, *King Kong*, *Citizen Kane*, *The Seventh Seal* and *It's a Wonderful Life* usually contain supplementary material (memos, stills, trailers), as well as a second sound track, which can be switched off at will, featuring an informal talk by a film historian. Criterion's version of *The Magnificent Ambersons* also contains notes on the ruinous studio recutting of the film, stills from deleted scenes.



production designs, interviews with Orson Welles and his original script.

This *Ambersons* should help motivate any film lover to make the laser move. Fans with a slightly less sober interest in cinema might check out the futuristic film noir flights of *Blade Runner*, its deep shadows and wet streets, cramped buildings and flushed neon and drizzling skies becoming almost tactile on laser. Any basic laser library should also include the Japanese import versions of *Once upon a Time*, *El Cid* and the *Star Wars* trilogy; Warner's American discs of *The Crimson Pirate*, *Barry Lyndon* and *The Color Purple*; MCA's western classic *Winchester '73*, with a second audio track of reminiscences by James Stewart; Disney's *Pinocchio*, which looks as if it came fresh from the animator's table; and a further sampling of Criterion discs, including *Kane*, *Kong* and *Life*, as well as *Lola Montés* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

Stein calls *Blade Runner* "Criterion's calling card to the industry," and one look is enough to tempt the unacquainted. The eyes have it. Laser disc is just about the best thing to happen to movies since projectors.

—By Jay Cocks.

Reported by S. Chang/Tokyo and James Willwerth/Los Angeles

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Cinema

Hard Rites Of Passage

A flock of European films depict childhood ordeals

Did European children ever have childhoods? Not in the '40s and '50s anyway, to judge from a bunch of recent movies. Death's shadow dogged a boy's heels; responsibility came early, and guilt tagged along. Kids grew up faster, tougher, with fewer fantasies and more urgent everyday nightmares. In wartime or in uneasy peace, childhood was no romp in the meadows of innocence: the evidence is on the screen. Two top contenders for this week's Oscar nominations focus on English boys growing up during World War II. In Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*, a lad gets shamed into maturity at the cost of his old principles; in John Boorman's *Hope and Glory*, a boy finds German fire bombs virtually on his front porch. Neither child would fit comfortably into a Hollywood idyll, past or present, where kids are expected to have reality-resistant minds and hang out forever at the soda fountain of youth.

Another Oscar prospect, Lasse Hallström's hit Swedish comedy *My Life as a Dog*, teaches that pubescence is a messy uphill battle. And now two French films arrive to clinch the argument that in Europe, childhood is a daunting entrance exam for premature adulthood. Their plot is archetypal: a boy is sent away from home for a wrenching rite of passage. In Jean-Loup Hubert's *The Grand Highway*, the lad learns conventional wisdom, and the film evokes familiar smiles and tears. In Louis Malle's *Au Revoir les Enfants*, the Nazi occupation of France triggers a boy's



A new brother, another betrayal: Manesse and Fejtó in *Au Revoir les Enfants*

crisis of conscience. Malle's movie, sure to be nominated for the foreign-language Oscar, is the bleak, heartbreakingly good, but it shares with the Hallström and Hubert films a stringent modesty of tone. All three pictures build their stories through brief snapshots of childhood traumas, like pulses of memory from the past we all live in.

Leave it to a man named Lasse to direct the most scrupulously endearing *Dog* movie of the '80s. Hallström's hero is twelve-year-old Ingemar (Anton Glanzelius), a dour, dimpled soul who could live by the maxim: Expect the worst and you'll never be disappointed. A tabloid junkie, Ingemar scans headlines for catastrophes that might put his own aggrieved existence into perspective. Reading them helps Ingemar shrug off his own doglike life: "It could have been worse." So his Mom is ailing, and his beloved pooch is sent on a terminal vacation, and the town's toughest athlete is a gorgeous girl (Melinda Kinnaman). Even for a boy in 1958, it could be worse. He seems to know already that anyone who can survive childhood can thrive as a grownup.

Easy to see why *My Life as a Dog* was last year's most popular foreign-language film in the U.S. For all its hints of death and humiliation, the picture has a jaunty air—a Truffaut paean to childhood, set to a silly, danceable beat. In this village everyone is ripe for fond laughter: the uncle whose rapport with Ingemar puts his wife at a distance; the old lodger whose only pleasure is reading lingerie ads; the tomboy who bandages her breasts to masquerade for a last summer as one of the boys. At the picture's heart is the irrepressible Glanzelius, an imp from a cathedral cornice. This ageless face has seen it all: *Dog* works because the little boy in Ingemar is eager to see more.

A boy's life is much the same, the same year, in Brittany. *The Grand Highway* packs nine-year-old Louis (Antoine

Hubert, the writer-director's son) off to the home of Pelo (Richard Bohringer) and Marcelle (Anemone) while Louis's mother gives birth. As the son Pelo and Marcelle never had, Louis brings out their competitive animosity. But he would rather waste time with Martine (Vanessa Guedj), a year older, who likes to drop live eels down his bathing suit. Young Guedj comes on like a precocious minx, and the whole film is a bit too ingratiating, American-style. *Highway* proves how indulgent memory can be. It can wrap reprobates in ermine and bathe tatty lives in endless sunlight. So the ending, with Pelo and Marcelle reconciled, rings both false and forgiving. Who would deny this battling couple an improbable happily-ever-after?

None of this for Louis Malle. He has made four earlier films with kids at their core, and he is beyond sentimentalizing them. At the start of *Au Revoir les Enfants*, Malle seems beyond dramatizing them too. We have seen these vignettes before—a fat boy fainting at Mass, children sharing



Impish: Glanzelius in *My Life as a Dog*



Precocious: Hubert and Guedj in *Highway*

guilty pleasures after dark, a dormitory lad wetting his bed—all the secrets and sadness of school life. Roll call, please! *Zéro de Conduite*, *Forbidden Games*, *The 400 Blows*. French filmmakers do this sort of thing so well, and so often.

It is devious, Malle's lullaby of clichés. He wants us to see what is ordinary about these children before he reveals what is unique. Julien Quentin (Gaspard Marnesse) is clever, curious, radiating star quality. But now there is a new star in class, Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö), who moves in an air of mystery and gets higher marks. He is also a Jew, under cover at this Catholic school. "But what are they guilty of?" a schoolboy asks about the Jews. "Being smarter than us," comes the answer. "And crucifying Jesus." The Nazi occupiers and their French supporters have as sophisticated a theory. They are ready to act on it.

Tragedy awaits. Meanwhile, irony abounds. At Mass one day, the Jewish boy strides to the Communion rail in an act of both submission and defiance. He thus challenges the brave priest who has agreed to camouflage him. Will the priest commit sacrilege or risk exposing Bonnet as an infidel? It is one of many dilemmas with potentially fatal consequences. In this frightening and beautiful film, a schoolboy must learn hard lessons early. "Are you scared?" Julien asks Bonnet. His reply might stand for every child in every European film: "All the time."

—By Richard Corliss

Wedlock Blues

SHE'S HAVING A BABY

Directed and Written by John Hughes

You name it: Pampers panic? Tot terror? Baby gloom? But whatever you call it, mark this astonishing fact: for once Hollywood has arrived first on the case, identifying what is obviously a vast and troubling social malaise before Donahue has talked it to death or Congress even thought of throwing money at it.

What the movie folks have noticed is a grim specter haunting all of yuppiedom. No matter how furiously they pedal their Exercises, no matter how earnestly they chomp through their radicchio or how desperately they try to drown their anxieties in wine coolers, the yups cannot escape this terrible fact: procreation is the enemy of recreation. Not to mention carefree getting and spending. Recently we have seen one mini-hit (*Baby Boom*) and one maxi-hit (*3 Men and a Baby*) offering implausible sentimental reassurances that there is life after surrogate parenthood. Now comes that prolific chronicler of youthful crises, John Hughes, bringing a similar message with *She's Having a Baby*.

In many ways his movie is the most conventional of the lot. Chance does not place an infant on the suburban doorstep of Jake Briggs (Kevin Bacon). His wife Kristy (Elizabeth McGovern), goaded on by her folks and his, makes him work embarrassingly hard at producing an off-

spring—all to help her fulfill her motherly instincts (Jake has a not too hilarious problem with his sperm count). But having been, at best, an ambivalent bridegroom (goodbye novel writing, hello advertising; goodbye sex as sport, hello sex as duty, with *Chain Gang* for scoring), he has an underdeveloped feeling for fatherhood.

This is not exactly an unheard-of condition. Dialing through the less prosperous cable channels late at night, one is likely to find people like James Stewart and Carole Lombard wrestling with it in black and white, with more charming indecision and a lot less self-pity than the new crowd manages. Part of the problem with *She's Having a Baby* is the lack of old-fashioned grace in its leading performances. Bacon has yet to mature as a comic actor; he is still just a bouncing boy. It is impossible to take his grownup ambitions, therefore the subject of the movie, seriously enough to laugh at very much. McGovern, by contrast, is all pouts and whines; one could not blame her spouse if he stayed for real instead of in fantasy. Worse, Hughes' satire of suburbia is mostly as soft and comfortable as an old slipper. And his conclusion, in which he tries



Coupled: Bacon and McGovern in *Baby*

to work up suspense over a difficult birth, startles only by the blitheness with which he descends into banality.

He has done better. In fact, he does better right here. Occasionally Jake drops without warning into a dream state: a wedding ceremony where he repeats a vow to love, honor and provide credit cards; a Saturday-morning vision of all the power mowers on the block coming together in a Busby Berkeley musical number. These sequences have an attacking spirit and a sheer joy in moviemaking that the rest of the enterprise desperately needs.

Hughes also offers a thought that perhaps everyone taking up this subject ought to bear in mind. Eyeing Jake and Kristy as they wed, a foxy grandpa snaps, "Nobody matures anymore. They stay jackasses all their lives." Anyone canny enough to state that point ought to be able to make a movie that does not spend all its time trying to wriggle and giggle away from it.

—By Richard Schickel

Milestones

CONVICTED. Ralph William Myers, 33, the Army private who wandered into restricted airspace over President Reagan's ranch last Aug. 13; on two counts of making false statements; in Los Angeles. Myers was AWOL when he flew his rented aircraft to within half a mile of the President's helicopter. He told investigators that he was flying without his contact lenses when the close encounter occurred. The next day he admitted that he had lied. Myers faces a possible ten-year prison term and a \$500,000 fine.

CONVICTED. Abu Nidal, 47, Palestinian guerrilla leader, and two accomplices; for their roles in the December 1985 attack in Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport in which 16 people were killed; in Rome. **Mahmoud Ibrahim Khaled**, the only defendant in custody, received a 30-year prison term; Abu Nidal and **Rashid al-Hamieda**, both fugitives, were sentenced in absentia to life terms. Abu Nidal's shadowy group has been blamed for dozens of assassinations and terrorist attacks since 1974.

SENTENCED. Jason Ladone, 17, youngest of three white teenagers convicted in the December 1986 racial attack in Howard Beach, Queens, to five to 15 years in prison for second-degree manslaughter and first degree assault; in New York City. The episode, which left one black man dead and another severely beaten, attracted national attention. Two other defendants have already been sentenced to prison terms; a fourth was acquitted.

HOSPITALIZED. Joseph Biden, 45, Democratic U.S. Senator from Delaware; for surgery to correct an aneurysm; at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington. Biden, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, had previously been diagnosed with a pinched nerve in his neck and was unable to vote on the Senate confirmation of Anthony Kennedy to the Supreme Court on Feb. 3.

DIED. Clement Hurd, 80, noted children's book illustrator; in San Francisco. He is best remembered for his collaboration with Margaret Wise Brown on the 1947 classic *Goodnight Moon*, which has sold more than 2 million copies and put two generations of young insomniacs peacefully to sleep in a "great green room."

DIED. Kurt Adler, 82, longtime impresario of the San Francisco Opera; of a heart attack; in Ross, Calif. The Viennese-born maestro joined the opera as chorus director and conductor in 1943 and became general director in 1957. A penny-pinching but benevolent despot, Adler was regarded with awe and affection by his artists, who included Leontyne Price, Leonie Rysanek and Beverly Sills. "Pavarotti told me that he never needs to look at me when I am conducting for him," Adler once said. "He can feel me breathing with him."

Essay

Michael Kinsley

Free Speech for Terrorists?

On Sept. 15 of last year the people in the Palestine Information Office in Washington received a letter from the State Department announcing that "the Department has designated the Palestine Information Office as a 'foreign mission.'" Their lucky day? Not exactly. The letter continued, as if daring Joseph Heller (*Catch-22*) to top this one: "Pursuant to the Designation of the Palestine Information Office as a Foreign Mission, the Department of State has determined that the Palestine Information Office shall be required to cease operation as a foreign mission." Then the Government ordered the office's electricity cut off, its phone disconnected and its landlord to bar staff members entry except to remove personal effects.

The P.I.O. had been engaged since 1978 in the hopeless task of trying to improve the image of the Palestine Liberation Organization. It made no bones about being an arm of the P.L.O., which makes few bones about engaging in terrorism. Just last spring the P.L.O. decided to retain Abu El Abbas on its executive committee, even though he masterminded the 1985 hijack of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro*, in which elderly American Leon Klinghoffer was murdered.

But the P.I.O. is accused of engaging in nothing worse than propaganda. Far from even endorsing terrorism, its chief function has been to attempt to change the subject. Its staff was entirely made up of U.S. citizens and legal residents. It was registered as a foreign agent, like other lobbying offices in Washington, but the honor of being designated as a foreign mission came unsolicited.

As recently as last May, the State Department's official view was that the P.I.O. was protected by the constitutional right of free speech and association. What changed State's mind was a congressional campaign—spurred about equally by Jewish groups and presidential candidates—to shut both the P.I.O. Washington office and the P.L.O.'s observer mission at the United Nations in New York.

Hoping to save the U.N. mission, which State believes the U.S. is required to tolerate as the U.N.'s host country, the State Department threw the Washington office to the wolves. But in December Congress cut through all the legal technicalities about what is and is not a foreign mission and simply banned both offices outright. They went down in a spray of self-congratulatory press releases: KEMP DECLARIES A VICTORY IN WAR ON TERRORISM, GRASSLEY WINS IN FIGHT AGAINST P.L.O., and so on. A federal district court has upheld the Washington office closing, and the Justice Department seems determined to shut the New York office on schedule next month.

Those invertebrate party poopers at the American Civil Liberties Union have stepped forward to complain that this famous victory over terrorism violates the First Amendment. The Government replies that no one has been denied the right to advocate anything he or she might wish—including terrorism—either alone or in a group. The only restriction, it says, is on a foreign terrorist organization's ability to maintain an official presence here, against our Govern-

ment's will, by the simple expedient of hiring American residents.

The trouble with this sanitized view is that the Government refuses, despite repeated requests, to tell the members of the closed P.I.O. what they must do to reopen yet avoid being declared a foreign mission and stripped of their epaulets all over again. Their strong advocacy of the P.L.O.'s position is what the federal district judge cited as proof that they were, in fact, a mission and therefore closable. This is also, of course, precisely what all those crusading Congressmen object to.

It may seem absurd to demand "State Department Guidelines for Those Who Wish to Promote Terrorism." But unless the Government is prepared to issue such guidelines, it is even more absurd to claim that no one's free speech is being suppressed when the Government shuts down an office that exists solely to purvey information and argument. How any such guidelines could not be a suppression of free speech, I can't imagine.

DRAWING BY RONALD SWEETMAN

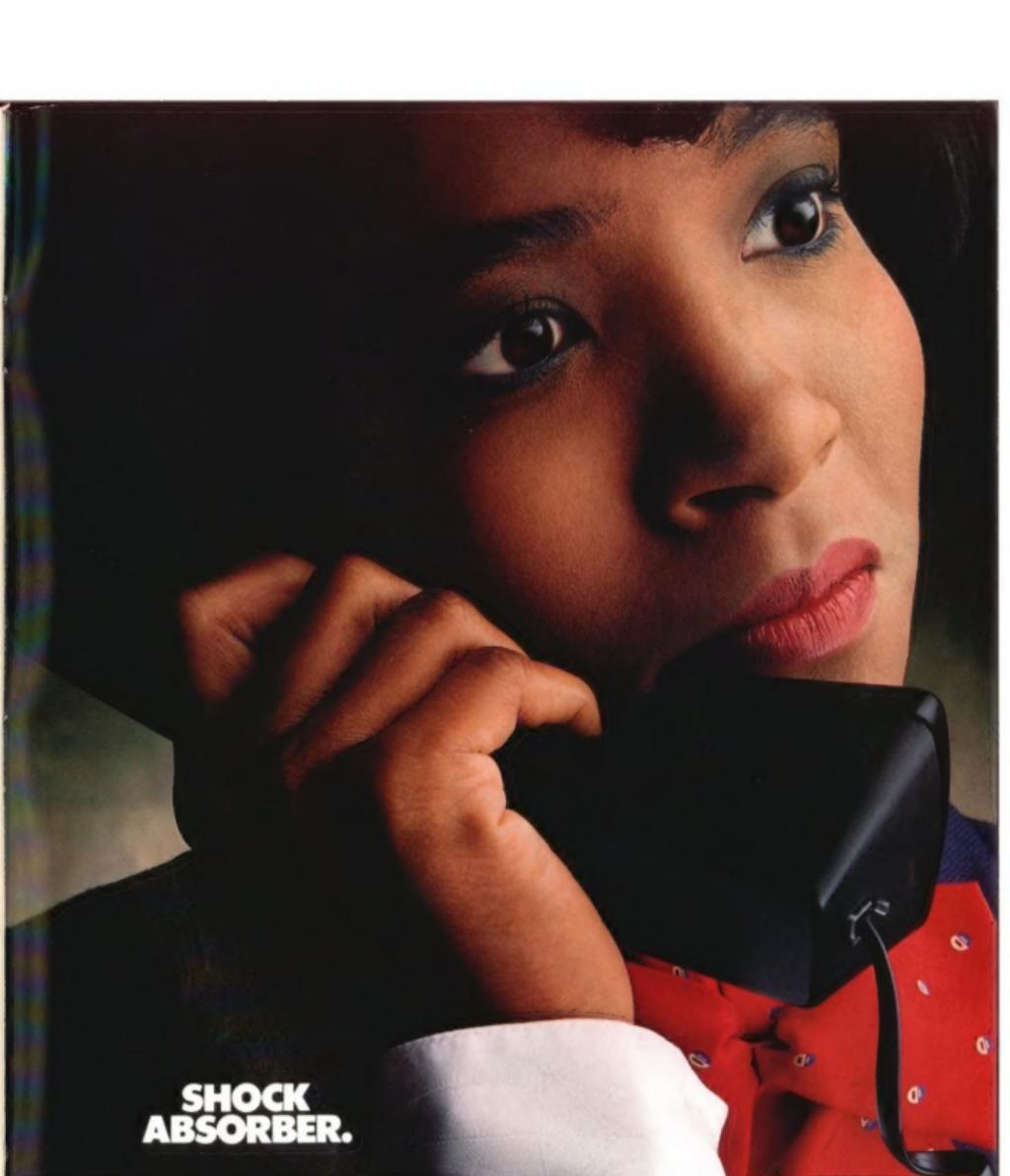
No doubt it is as boring to hear once again as it is to point out that the First Amendment exists to protect unpopular views—even rightly unpopular views. Unpopular views are, in fact, the only kind that need its protection. No one is trying to shut down Mothers Against Drunk Driving. It is when Congressmen are lining up to denounce you that you need the Constitution.

It is often said that those who don't accept the premises of civil libertarian democracy are not entitled to claim its benefits. Why should terrorist groups enjoy the very freedoms they deny to others? No matter how often this is said, however, our Constitution is not based on social-contract theory. The Golden Rule, however admirable, is not part of the Bill of Rights.

The free-speech position is often parodied. First Amendment zealots don't believe that all viewpoints are equally worthy. They certainly don't believe that ideas are never dangerous. What they do believe is that in a culture of free expression and thought, good ideas have a natural advantage over bad ones. There is no such natural advantage when the censors take over. Therefore the expression of bad ideas is less dangerous than giving the Government the power to sort out the good from the bad.

Can anyone keep this principle in mind consistently? It's hard. In 1977 the Carter Administration (at the behest, ironically, of the United Nations) attempted to close down the Rhodesian Information Office, a Washington propaganda outlet for the sinking white regime in what is now Zimbabwe. Senator Jesse Helms, who today is a leader of the crusade to shut down the P.I.O., was in high dudgeon back then at the thought that even foreigners should be denied free speech within our shores. Meanwhile, however, the left-wing groups and the black Congressmen who today are protesting on behalf of the P.I.O. were silent about the suppression of the Rhodesians.

It ought to be obvious, but apparently it isn't: free speech is worthless if it depends on whose ox is gored.



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